

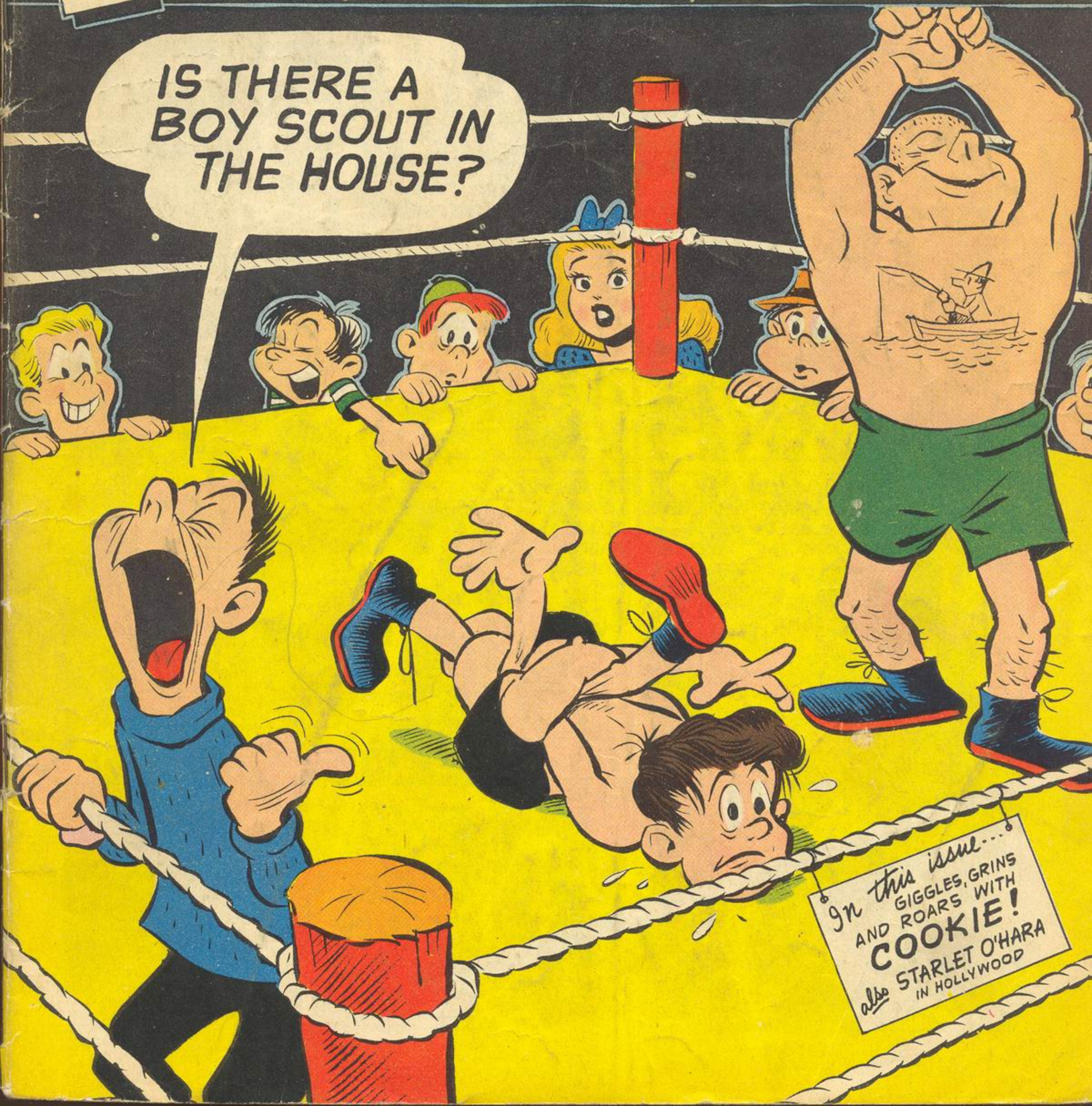
NO 28 DEC.-JAN.

COOKIE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

IS THERE A
BOY SCOUT IN
THE HOUSE?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



WE
ARE
RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras
with Carrying Cases,
Radios (sent postage paid).
Mail coupon to start.



55th
Year

OUR 55th YEAR



Boys! Girls!
Ladies! Men!



Lovable Dolls
over 15" high,
Cub Fishing Out-
fits, Genuine 22
Cal. Rifles, Daisy
Air Rifles (sent
postage paid).
Give pictures with
White CLOVERINE
Brand SALVE sold
at 25c a box (with
picture) and
remit per cata-
log sent with
order to start.
It's fun! Easy!
We trust you!
Begin at once!

BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bi-
cycles (sent ex-
press charges
collect). Mail
coupon to start.

**NO MONEY
NOW**

Pocket Watches,
Wrist Watches,
Baseballs, Bats
(sent postage paid).
Other Premiums or
Cash easily yours.
To start, mail
coupon for White
CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE and Pictures
easily sold to
friends, relatives,
neighbors at 25c
a box (with
picture).



**YOUR BIG
CHANCE!**

LOOK!

**START
TODAY!**



Footballs,
Basketballs
(sent postage
paid). Mail coupon to start.



Ukuleles, Jew-
elry, Watches
(sent postage
paid). Mail
coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets,
Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes,
Roller Skates, Blankets, Alumi-
num Ware, Record Players,
Movie Machines (sent
postage paid).
Rush cou-
pon to
start!

**WE
ARE
RELIABLE**

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. AM-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art
pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or
keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium
wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....
St..... RD..... Box.....
Town..... Zone No..... State.....

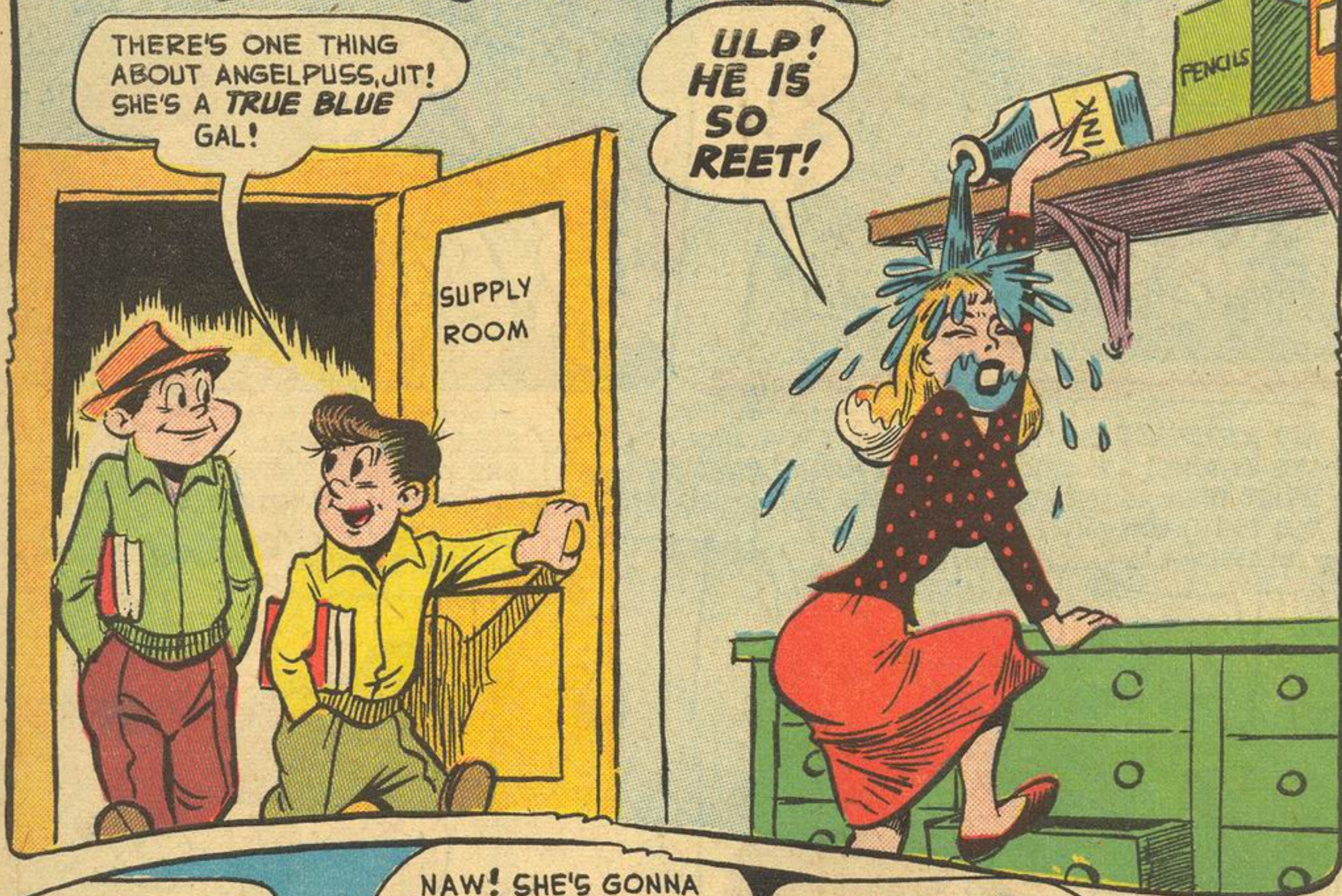
PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

**JIM and
BETTY FIND A NEW
"TREASURE"**



COOKIE



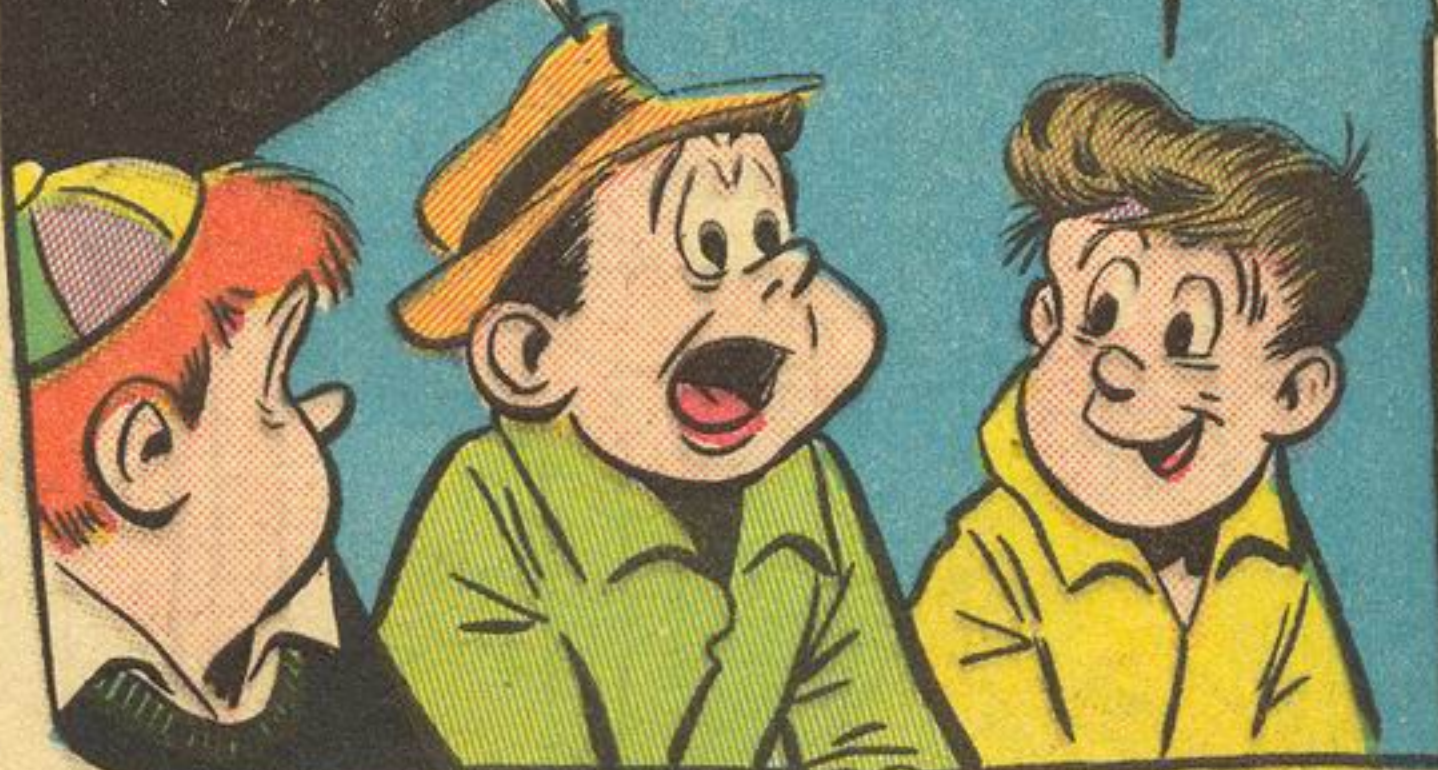
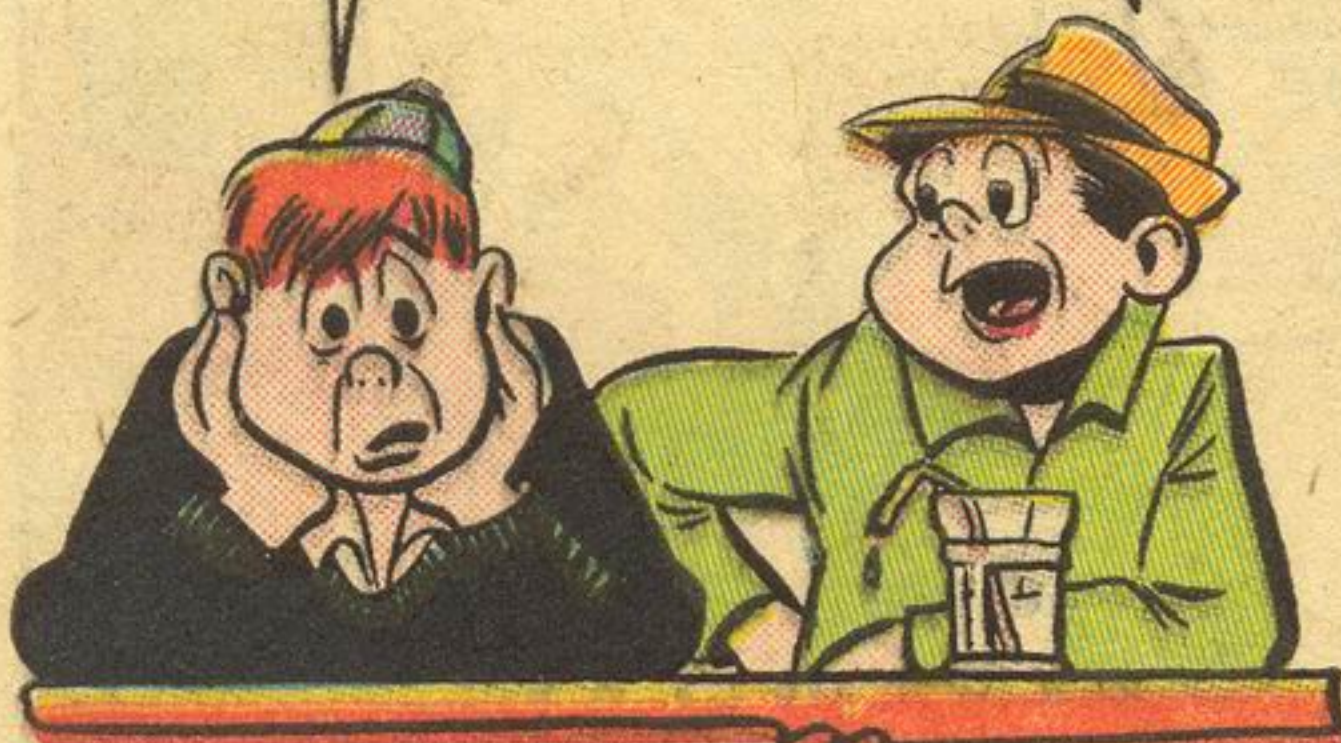
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MY LITTLE CUDDLE-BUG MARION JUST GAVE ME THE FAST BRUSH AGAIN! ONE TIME SHE SAYS I'M A **B.T.O.**, AN' THE NEXT THING I KNOW, SHE'S **TWO-TIMIN'** ME!

I KNOW WOT YOU MEAN! WIMMEN... **WIMMEN**... YA JUST CAN'T **TRUST 'EM!**

...I REMEMBER A LITTLE BLONDE CHICK ON OAK STREET THAT SAID SHE WAS MAD FOR ME, AN' ALLATIME SHE WAS GOIN' STEADY WITH SOME SQUARE IN HER SCIENCE CLASS!

THE TROUBLE WITH **YOU GUYS** IS YA PICK THE **WRONG CHICKS!**

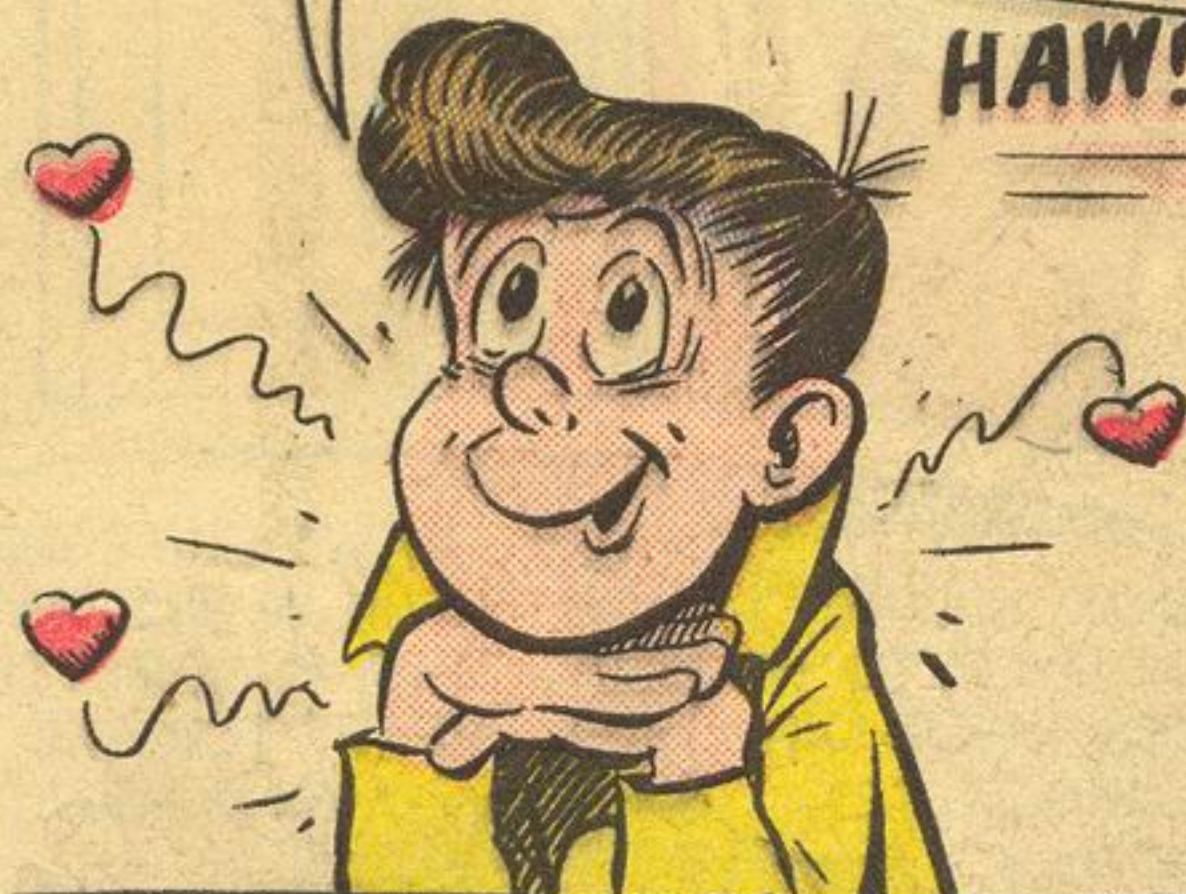


YOU **KIDDIN'?** CHICKS ARE CHICKS! YOU CAN'T TRUST THEM AS FAR AS YOU CAN THROW AN ELEPHANT!

YEAH? HOW ABOUT MY **ANGELPUSS?** SHE'S NEVER TWO-TIMED **ME!**

SURE! **WOTTA GAL!** SHE WOULDN'T THINK OF LOOKIN' AT ANOTHER GUY...EXCEPT HER FATHER, MAYBE...

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!

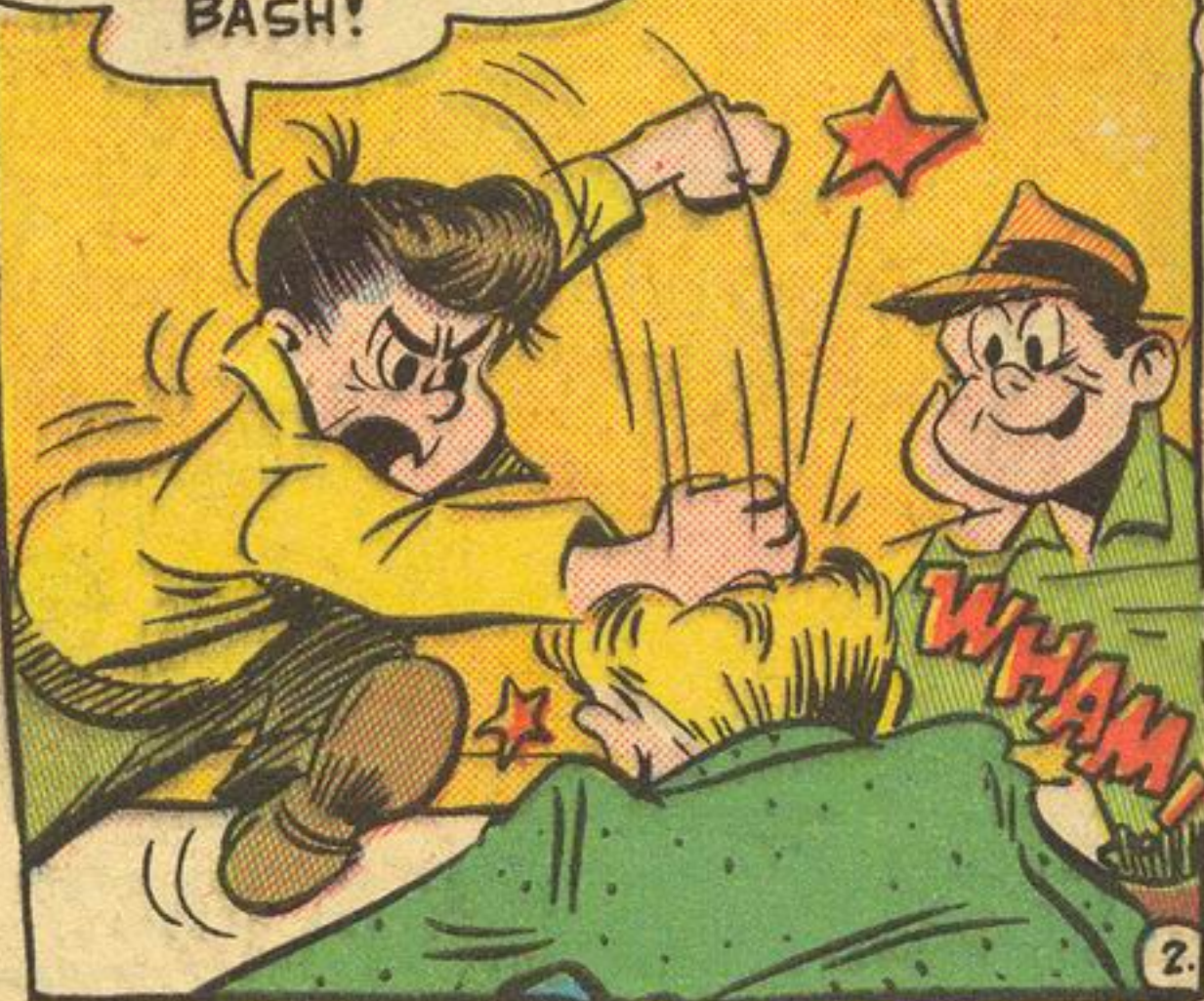


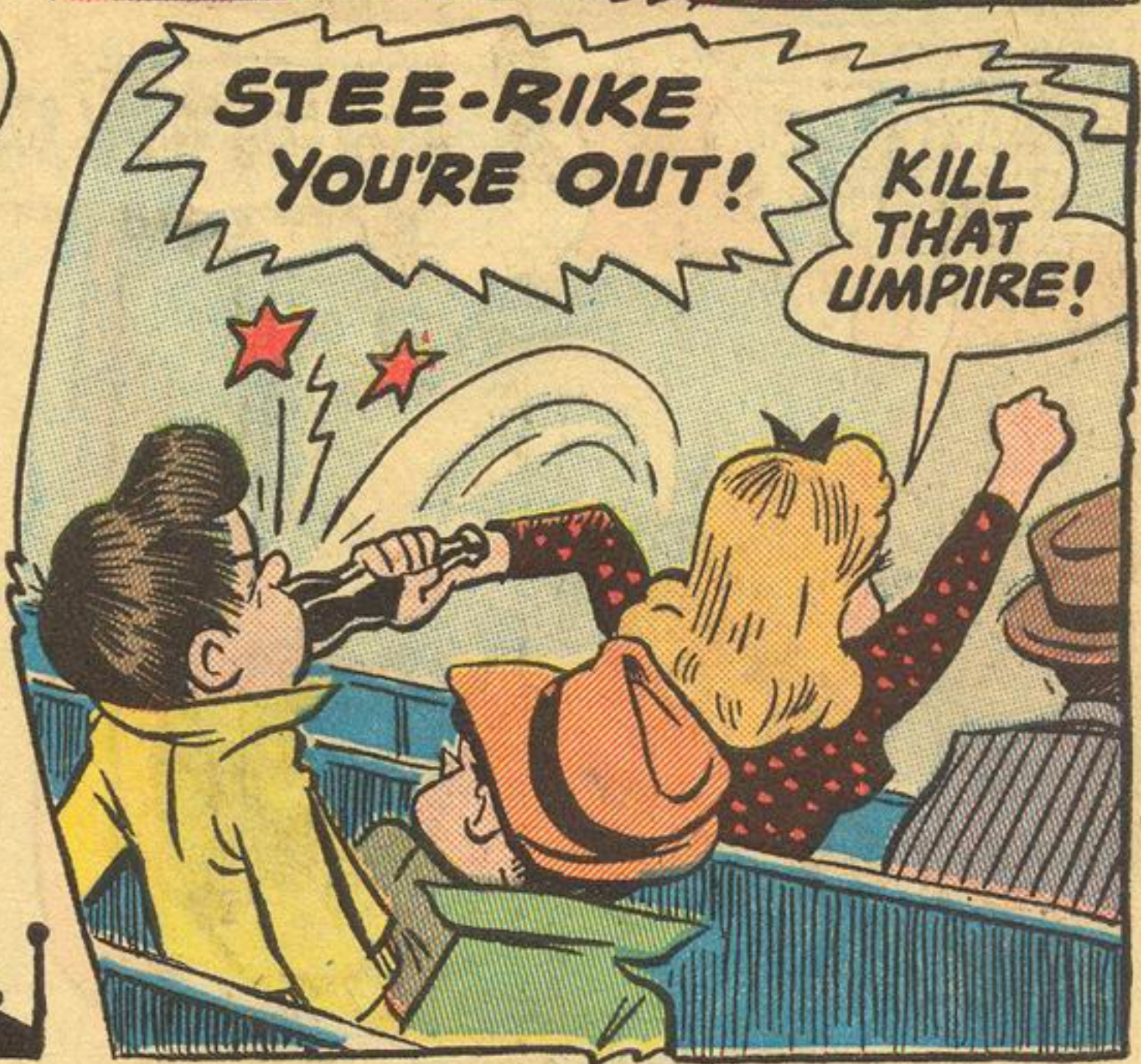
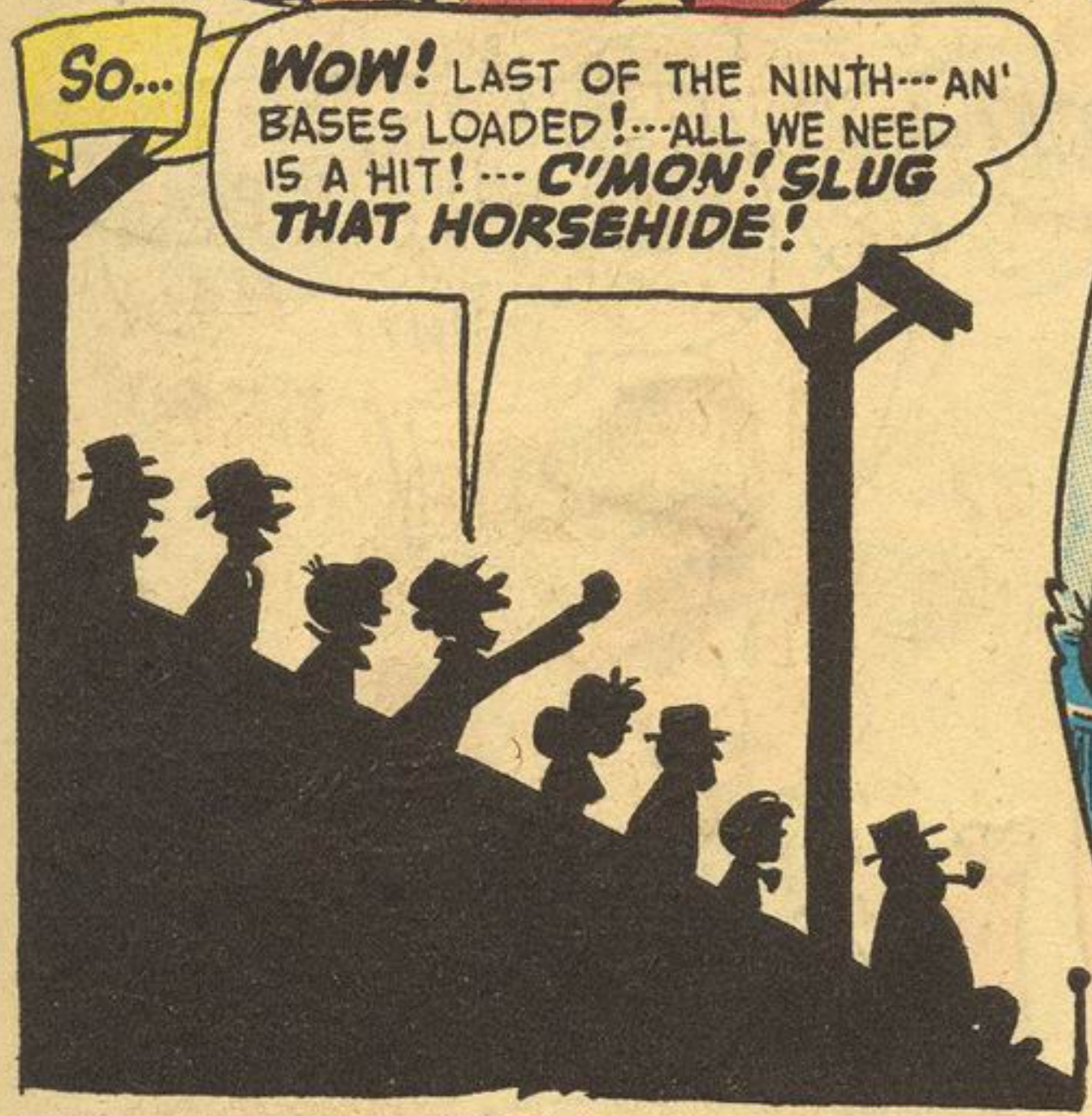
WELL, WHAT'RE **YOU** LAUGHIN' AT, ZOOT?

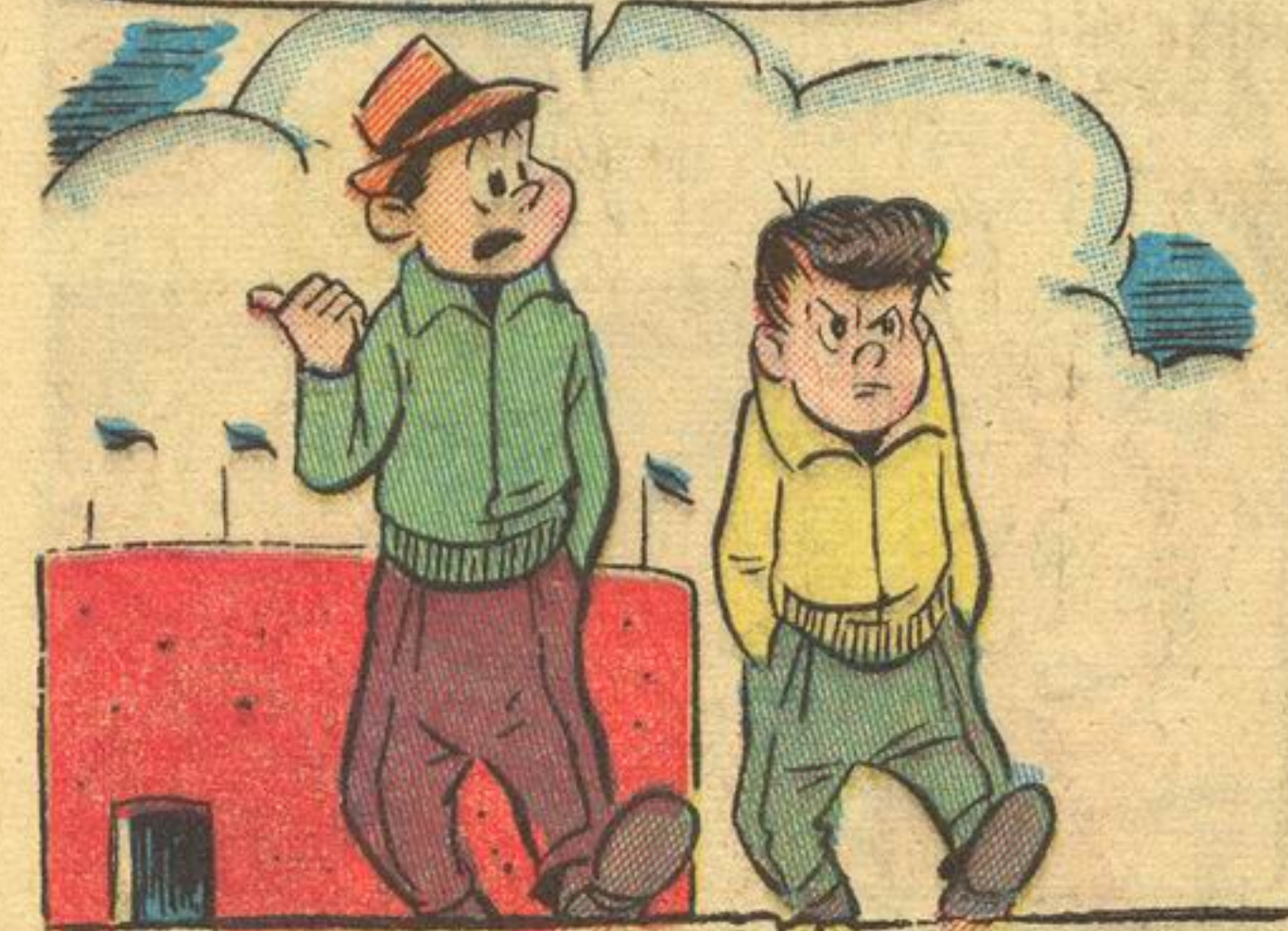
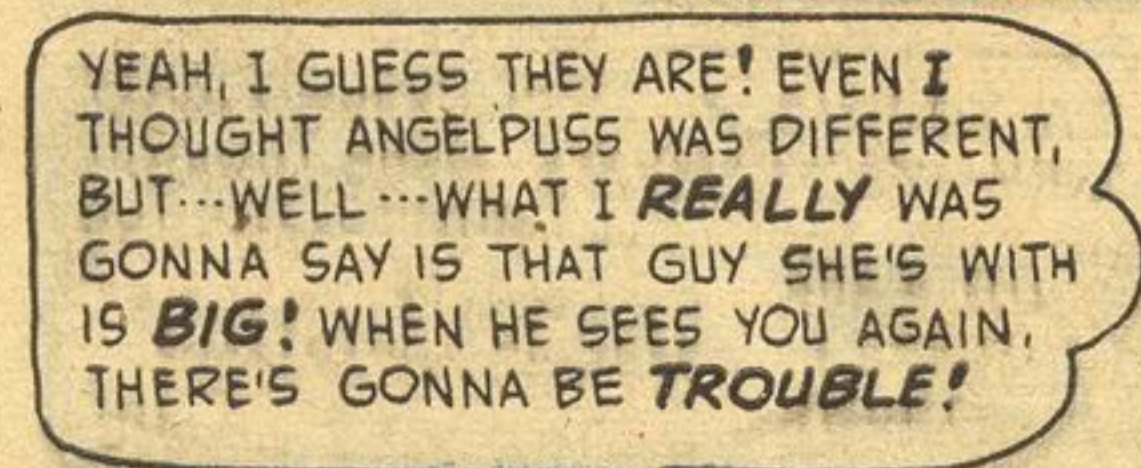
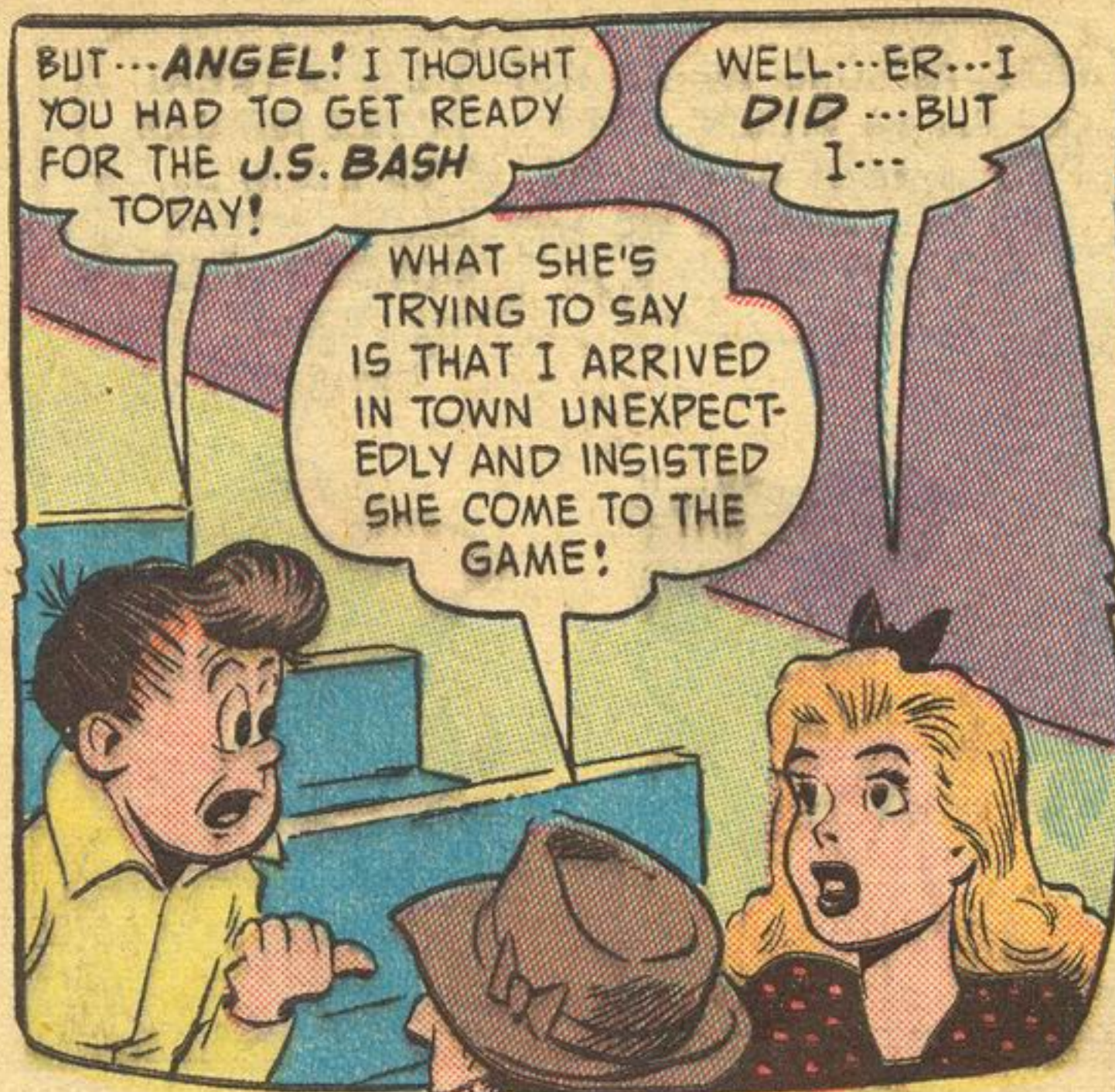
YOU, JERKY! I JUST SAW THAT FAITHFUL FEM OF YOURS RIDIN' DOWN MAIN STREET IN A CONVERTIBLE...AN' THE GUY DRIVIN' IT **WASN'T** HER POP!

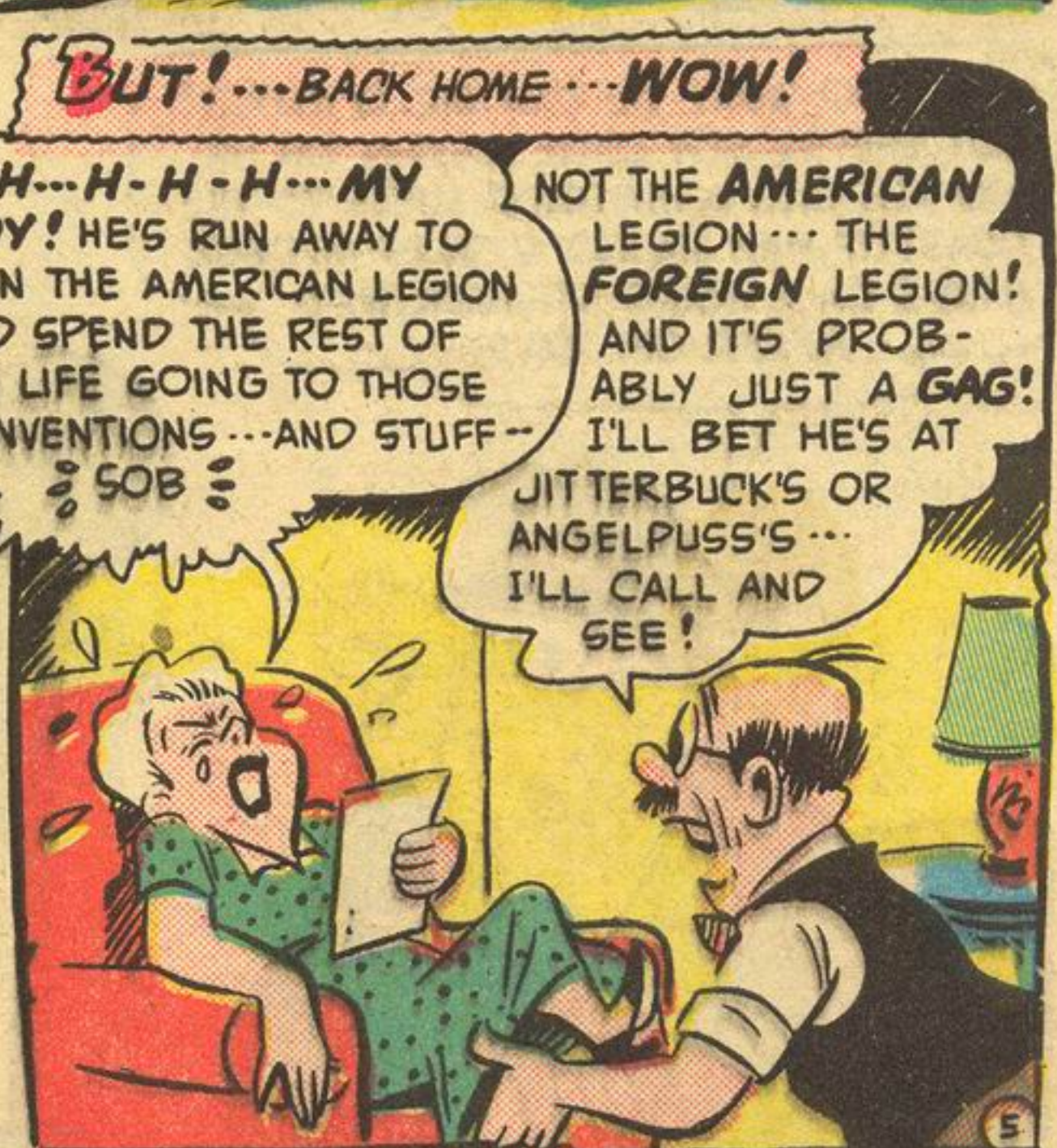
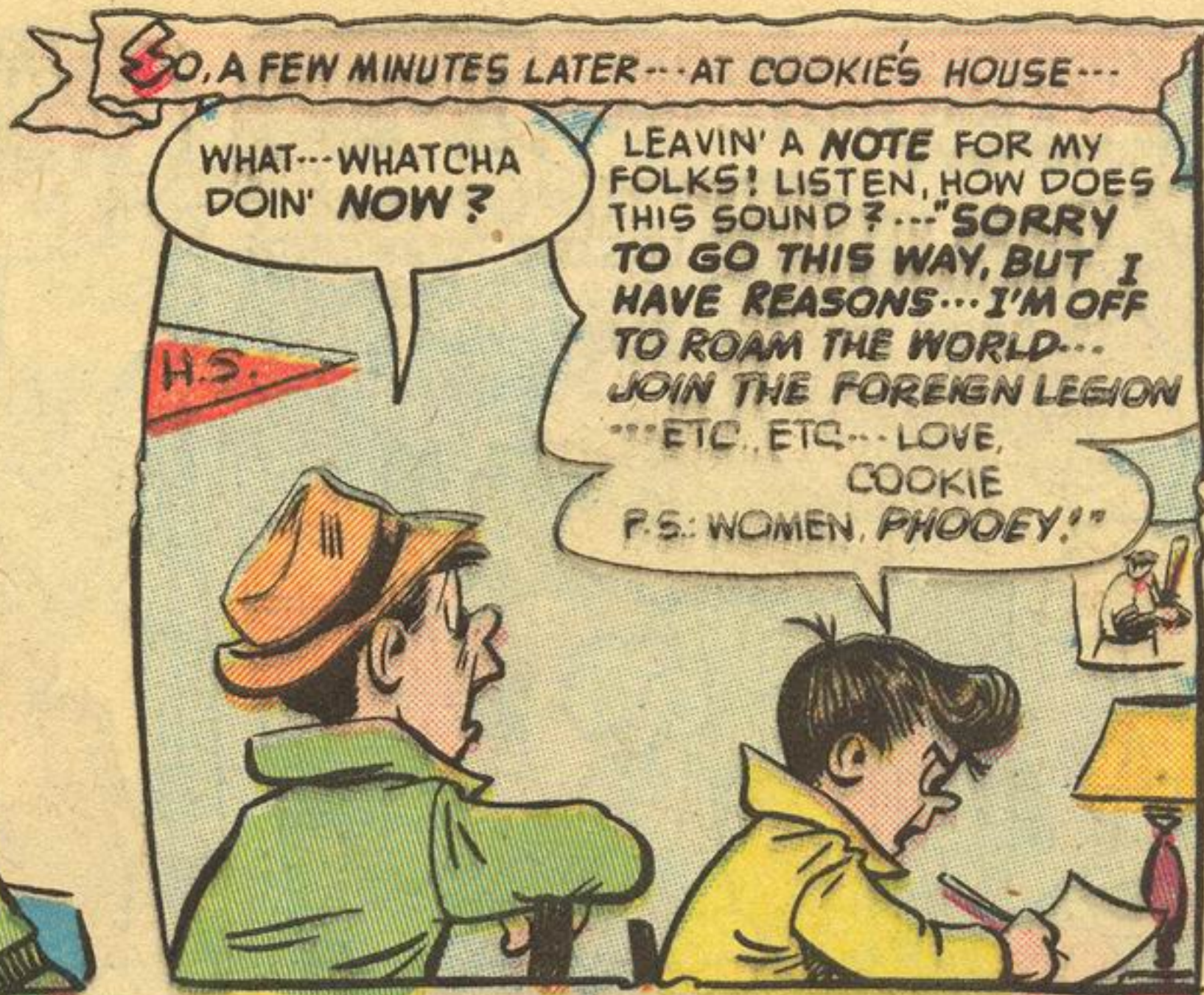
WHY, **YOU HEEL!** NOBODY'S FIBBIN' ABOUT MY ANGEL! I HAPPEN TO KNOW SHE'S HOME, GETTIN' READY FOR THE BIG BASH!

ATTA BOY, COOKIE!







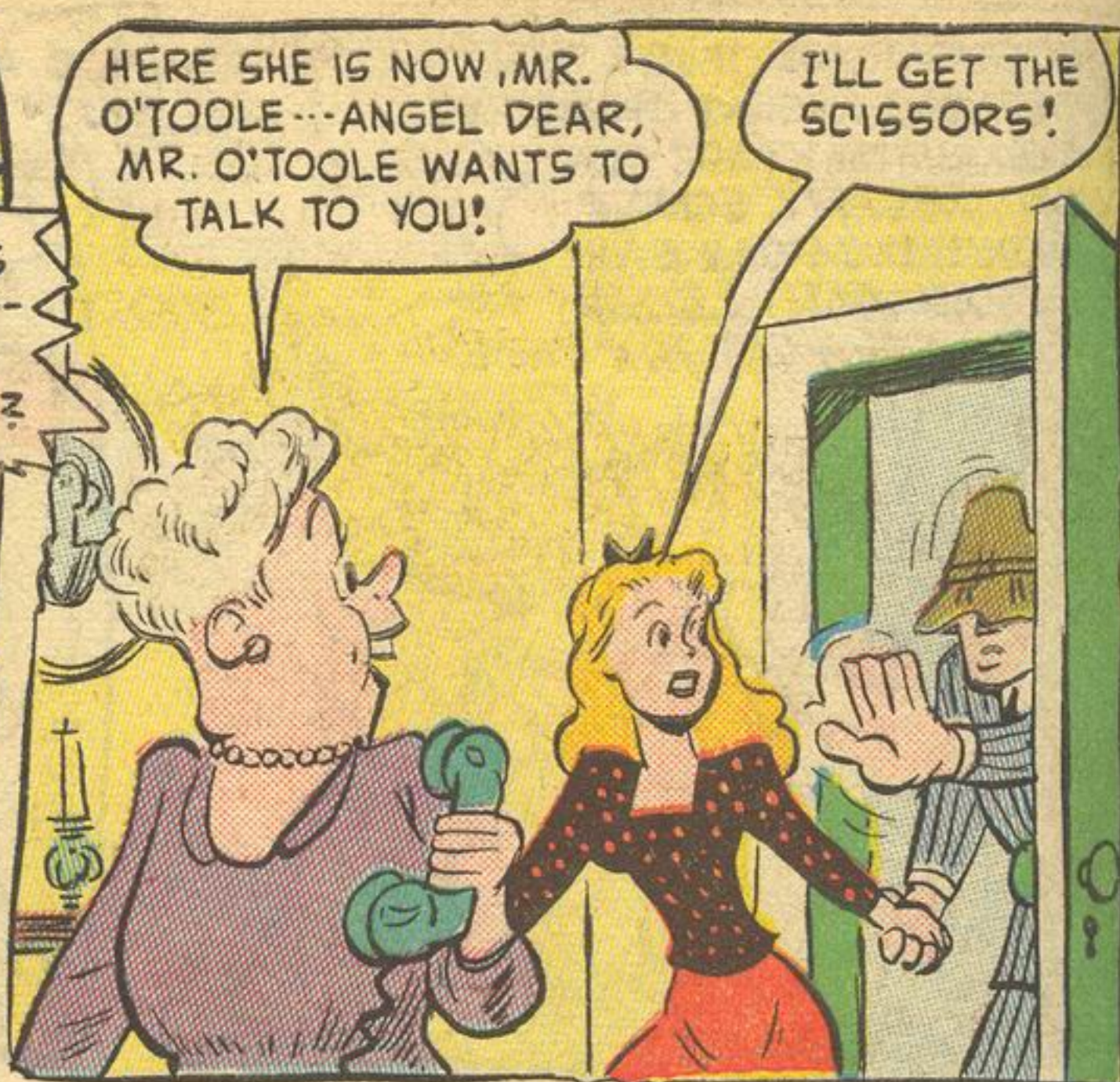




WHAT! JIM'S GONE AND LEFT A NOTE TOO? --- W-WHAT DID HE SAY?

THAT HE'D SEND US SOME POST-CARDS FROM THE CASBAH! --- **BAW!** WHAT'LL WE DO, MR. O'TOOLE?

I'M SURE IT'S A GAG! I'LL CALL ANGELPUSS AND SEE IF THEY'RE THERE!



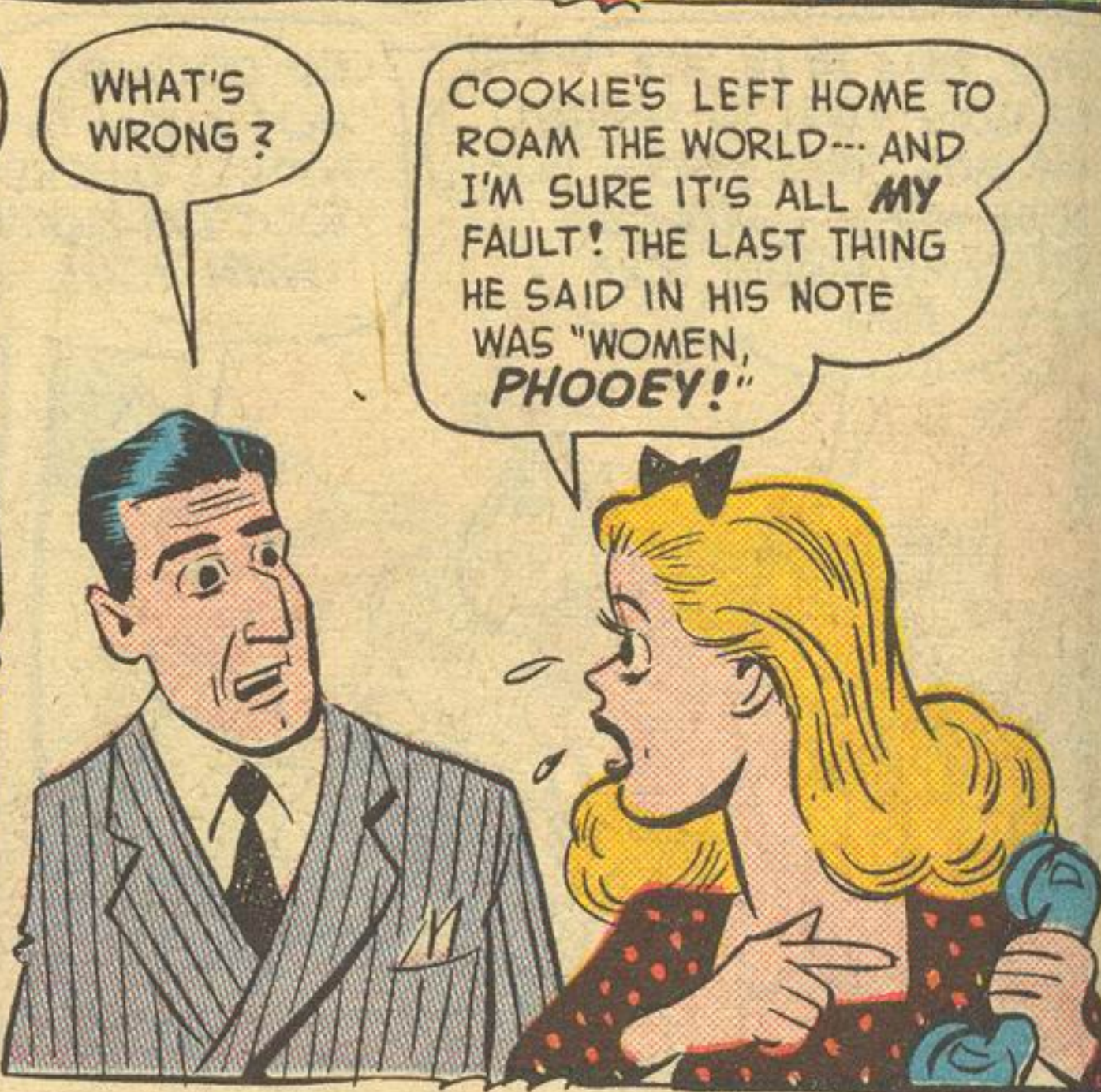
HERE SHE IS NOW, MR. O'TOOLE --- ANGEL DEAR, MR. O'TOOLE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

I'LL GET THE SCISSORS!



GRACIOUS, JAMES! YOU SHOULDN'T PUT YOUR HAT ON SO HARD! THERE! IT'S OFF!

NO, HE'S NOT HERE --- AND I HOPE I NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN! I --- **WHAT??**



WHAT'S WRONG?

COOKIE'S LEFT HOME TO ROAM THE WORLD --- AND I'M SURE IT'S ALL MY FAULT! THE LAST THING HE SAID IN HIS NOTE WAS "WOMEN, **PHOOEY!**"



WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, MR. O'TOOLE! BUT THEY'VE GOT QUITE A START ON US, AND IT'S ONLY A HUNDRED MILES TO THE COAST! IF THEY SHOULD SIGN UP AS DECK HANDS ON A TRAMP STEAMER, WE'D **NEVER** GET 'EM!



AS LONG AS THIS FREIGHT STOPPED, LET'S STRETCH OUR LEGS, JIM!

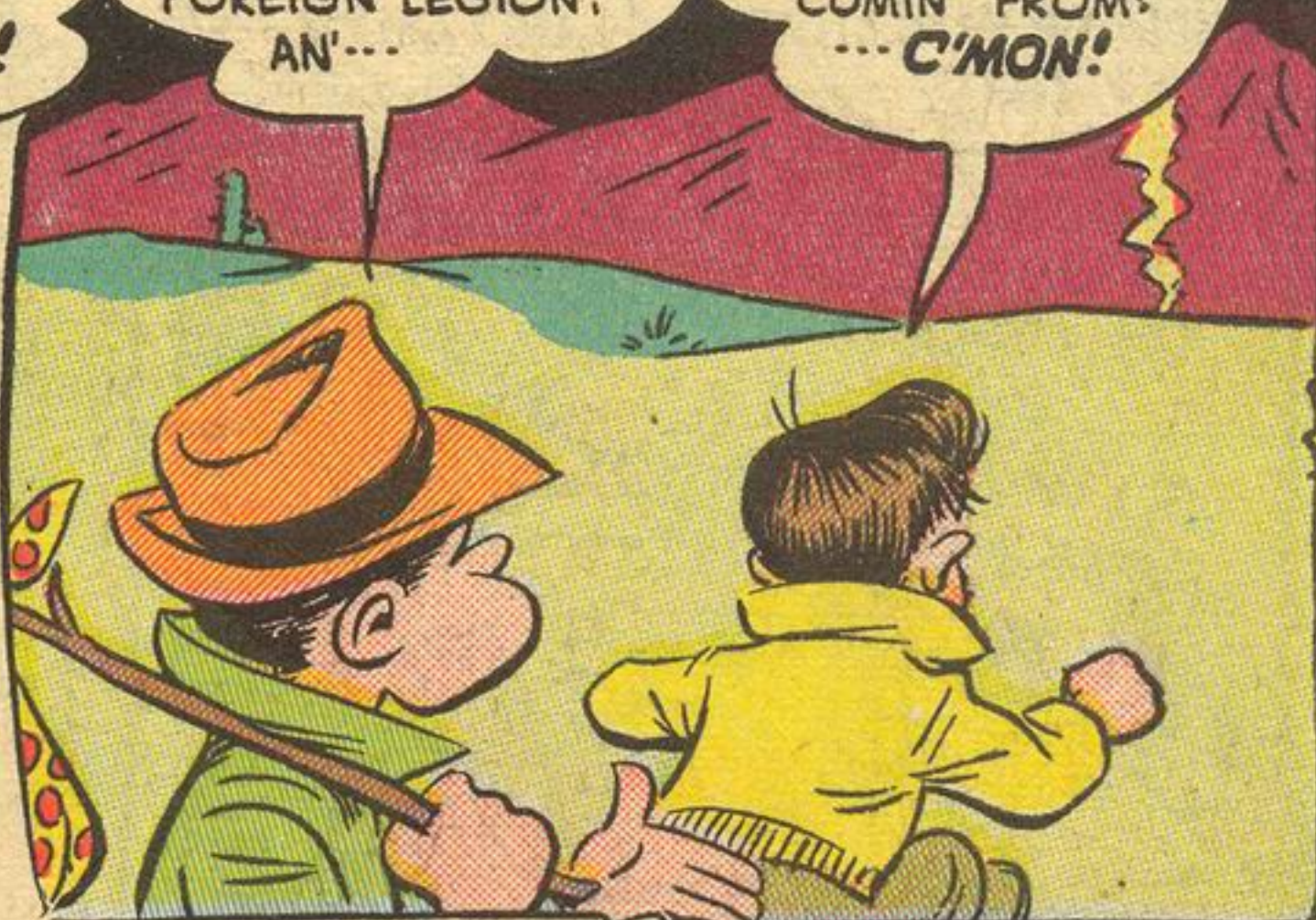
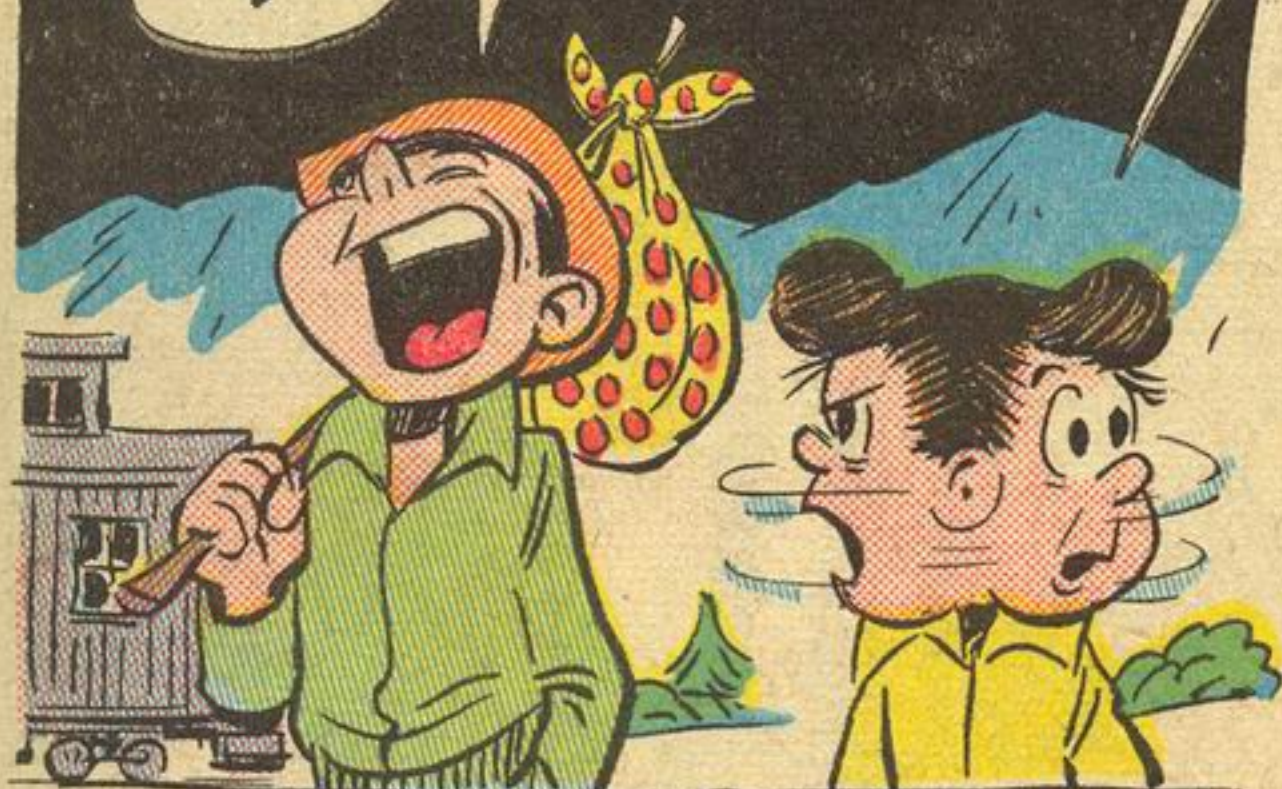
WOW! I'M BEGINNIN' TO FEEL LIKE **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA** ALREADY! --- HMM, WONDER HOW MUCH A **CAMEL** COSTS!

COME TA THINK OF IT, I TOOK
THE LEAD IN THAT OPERETTA
THE JUNIOR CLASS GAVE CALLED
THE **DESERT SONG!**... THINK
MEBBE I'LL BE LIKE THAT GUY...
"**ONE AYE-LONE, TO
BE-HEE MY OWN...**"

WILL YOU
CUT THAT
OUT? IT'S
...SNIFF...
SNIFF...
FOOD!

JEEPERS, Y'DON'T
HAFTA GET **SORE!**
AFTER ALL, WE **ARE**
GONNA BE IN THE
FOREIGN LEGION,
AN'...

OKAY, **FORGET IT!**
I...HEY, **THAT'S**
WHERE THAT DE-
LICIOUS SMELL'S
COMIN' FROM!
...**C'MON!**

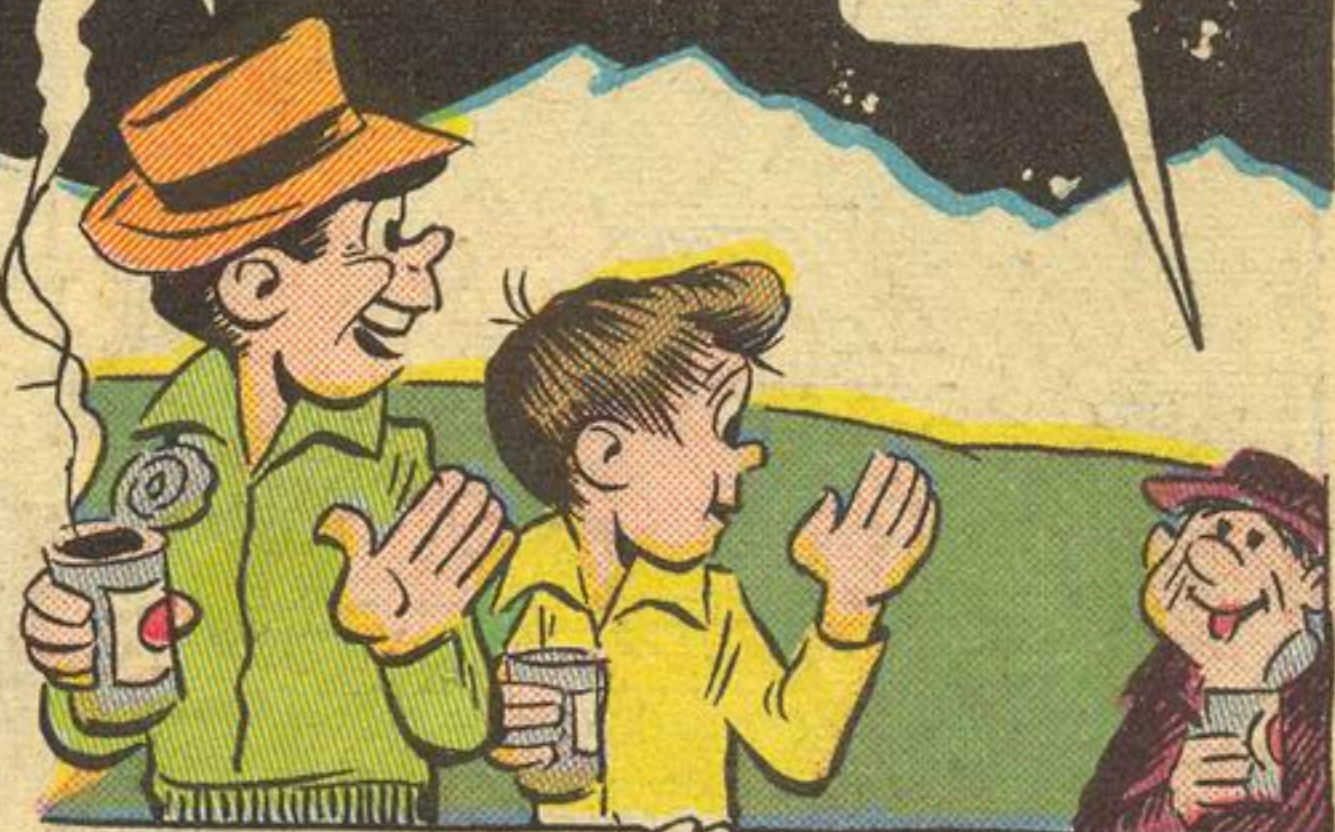


ER...AH...ANY CHANCE OF
YOU HAVIN' A LITTLE **EXTRA**
OF THAT STUFF, SIR?

SURE T'ING,
KID! GET A
COUPLA TIN
CANS AN' HELP
YERSELF!

SORRY WE CAN'T STAY,
SIR! YA SEE, WE'RE ON
OUR WAY TO ARABIA
AN' WE GOTTA GET
BACK TO OUR
FREIGHT!

ARABIA? 20
YEARS RIDIN' DA
RODS, BUT I NEVER
BEEN IN **DAT**
TOWN!...OKAY,
KIDS, SEE
YOUSE!

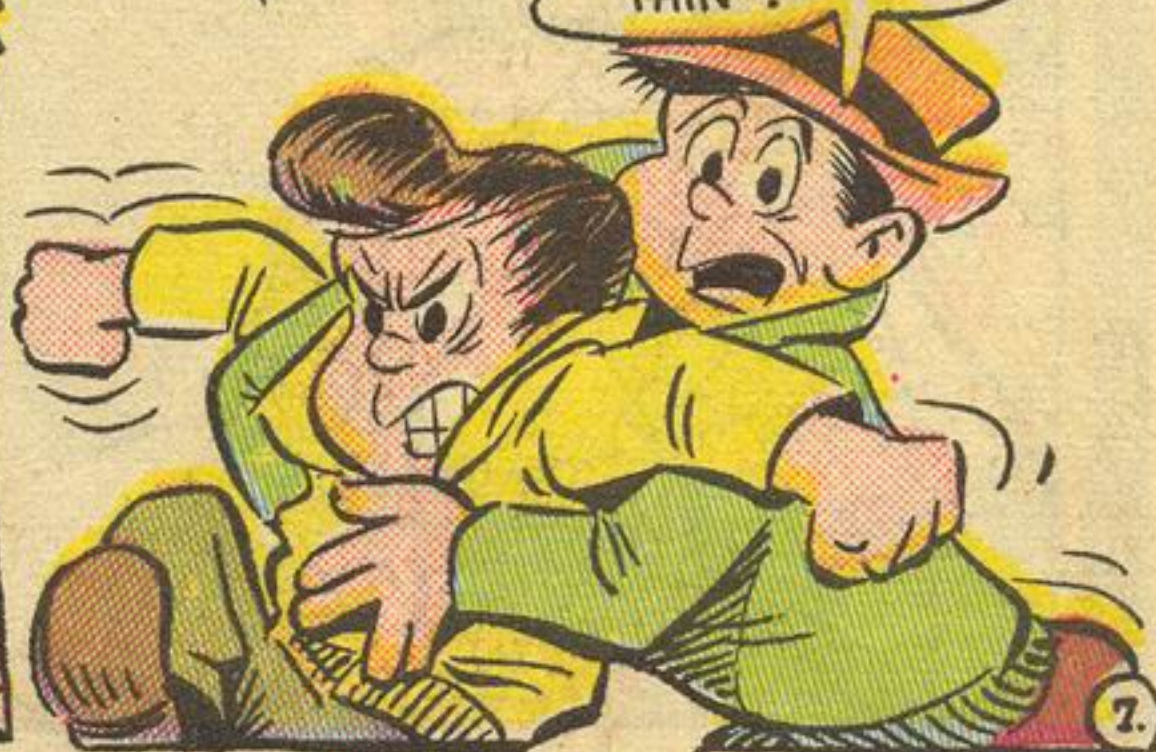
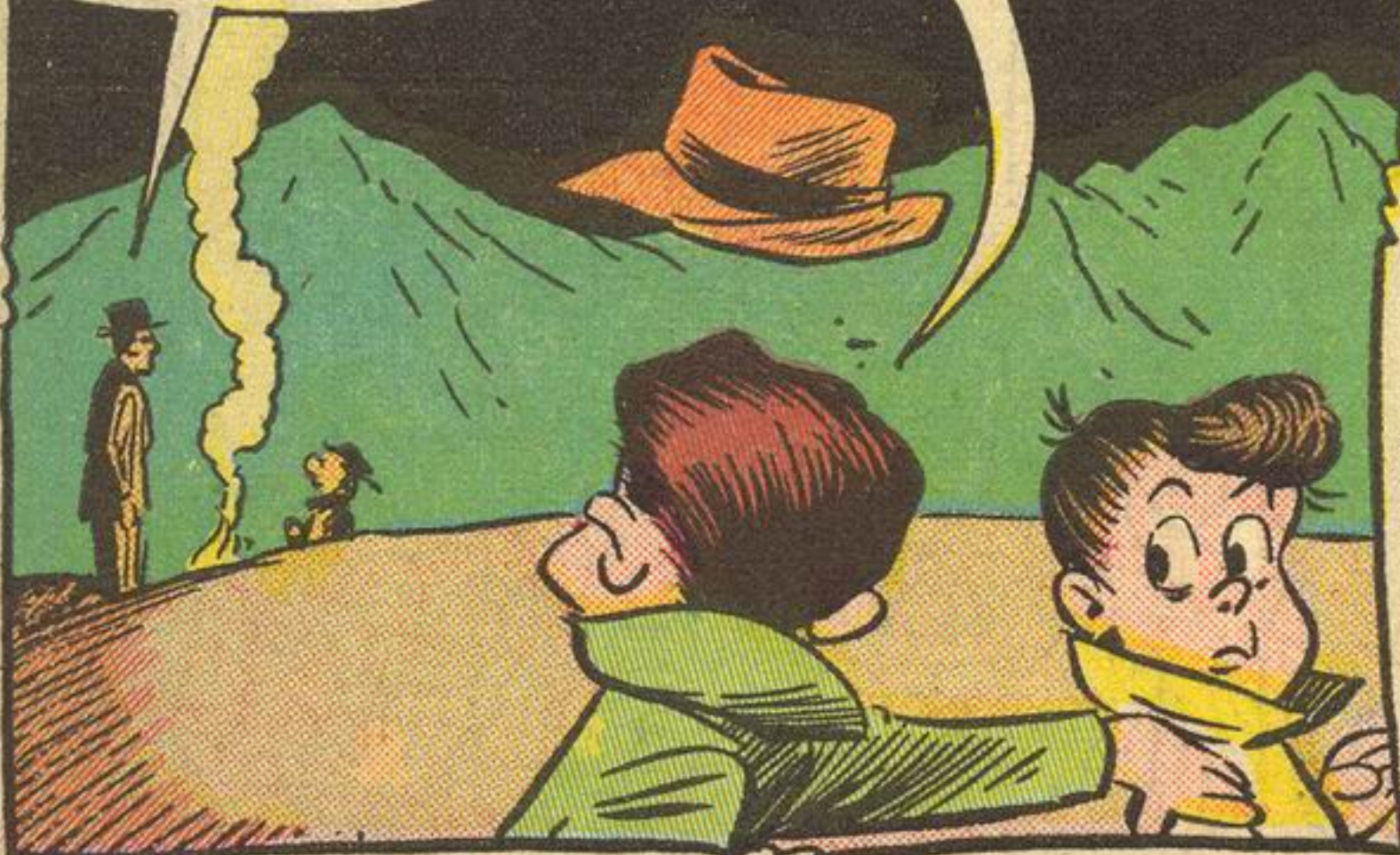


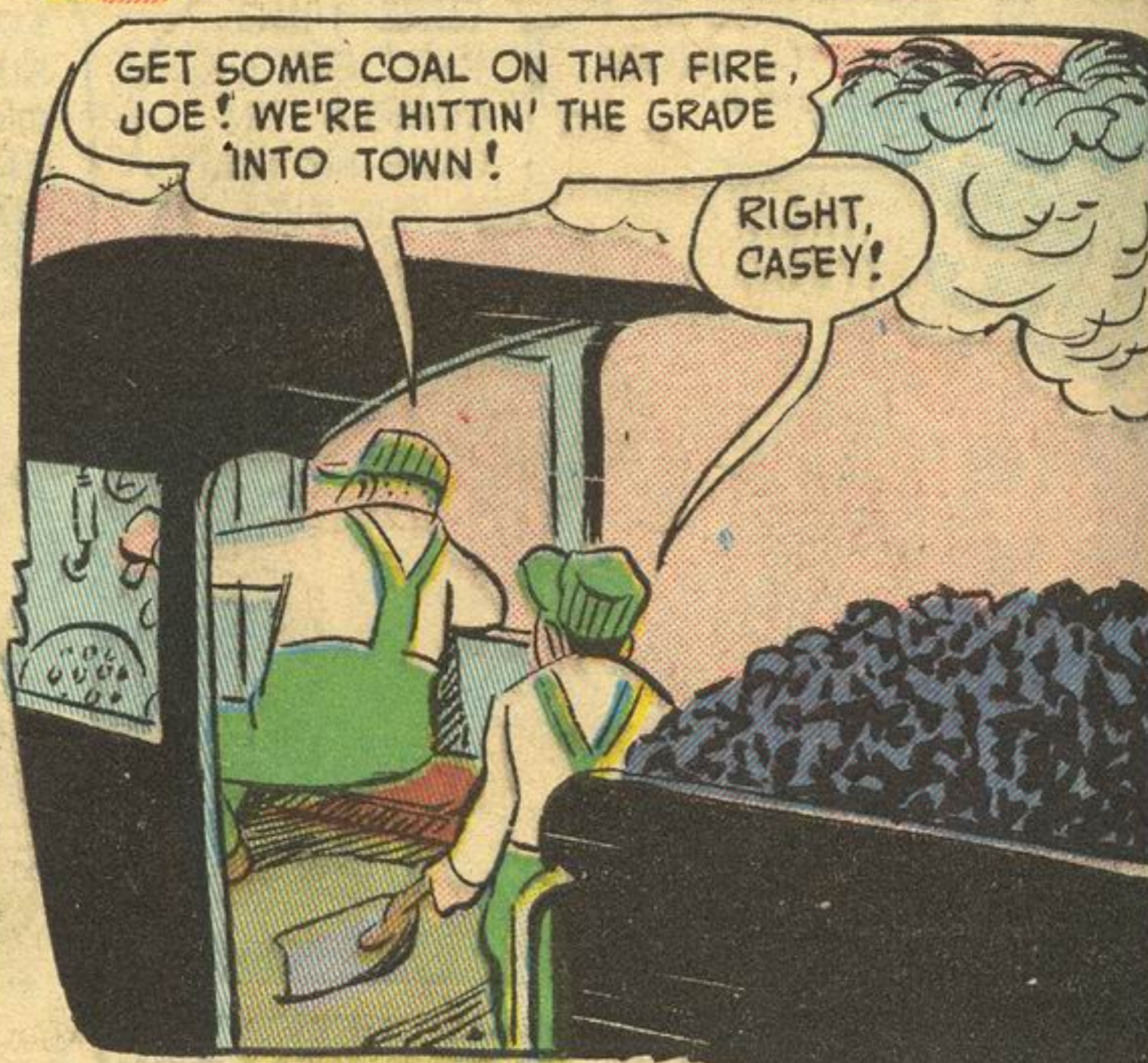
HEY, YOU THERE, BO! I'M
LOOKING FOR A COUPLA
KIDS! ESPECIALLY A LITTLE
GINK WITH A BIG BUNCH
OF HAIR IN FRONT---
SEEN 'EM?

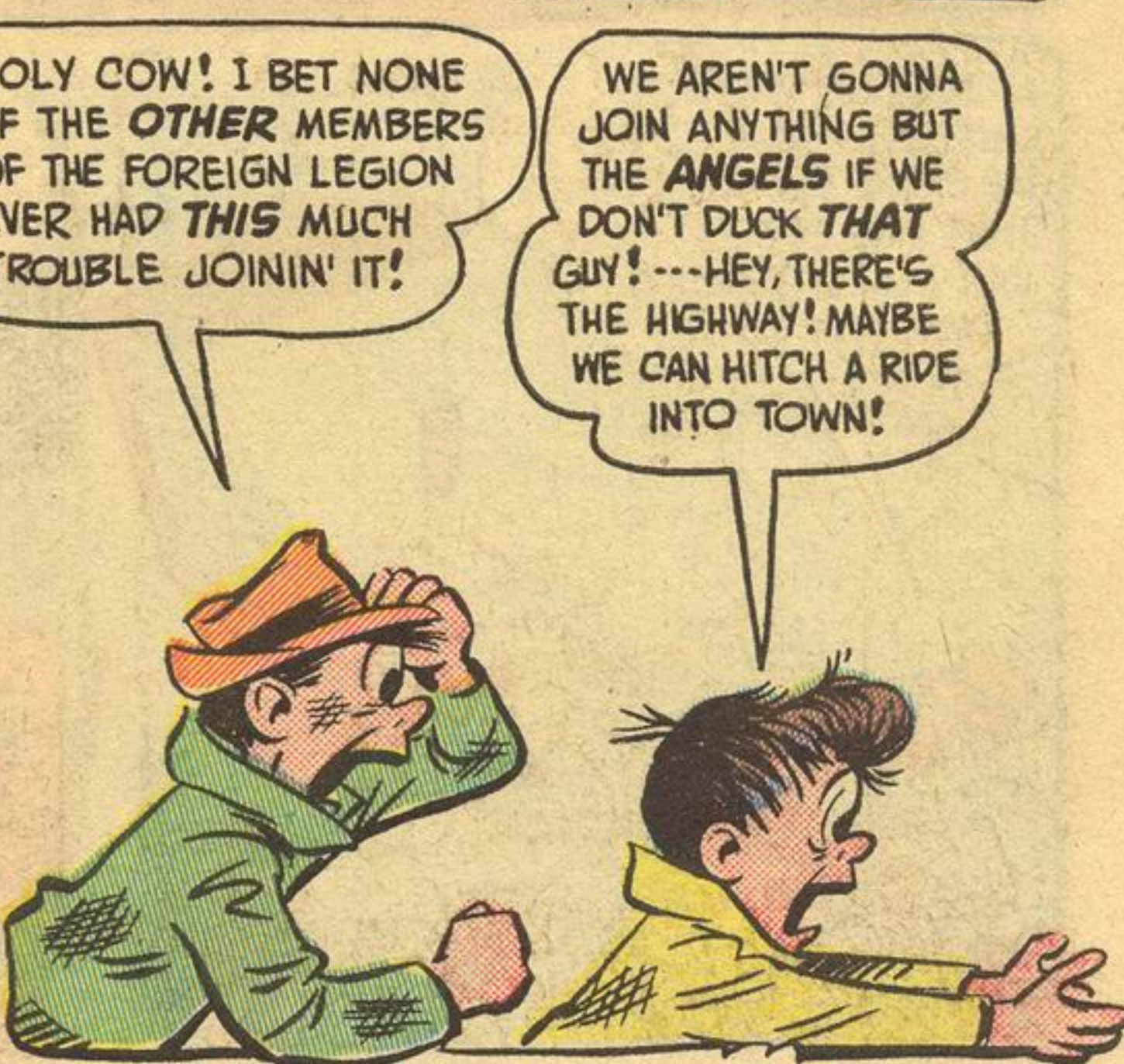
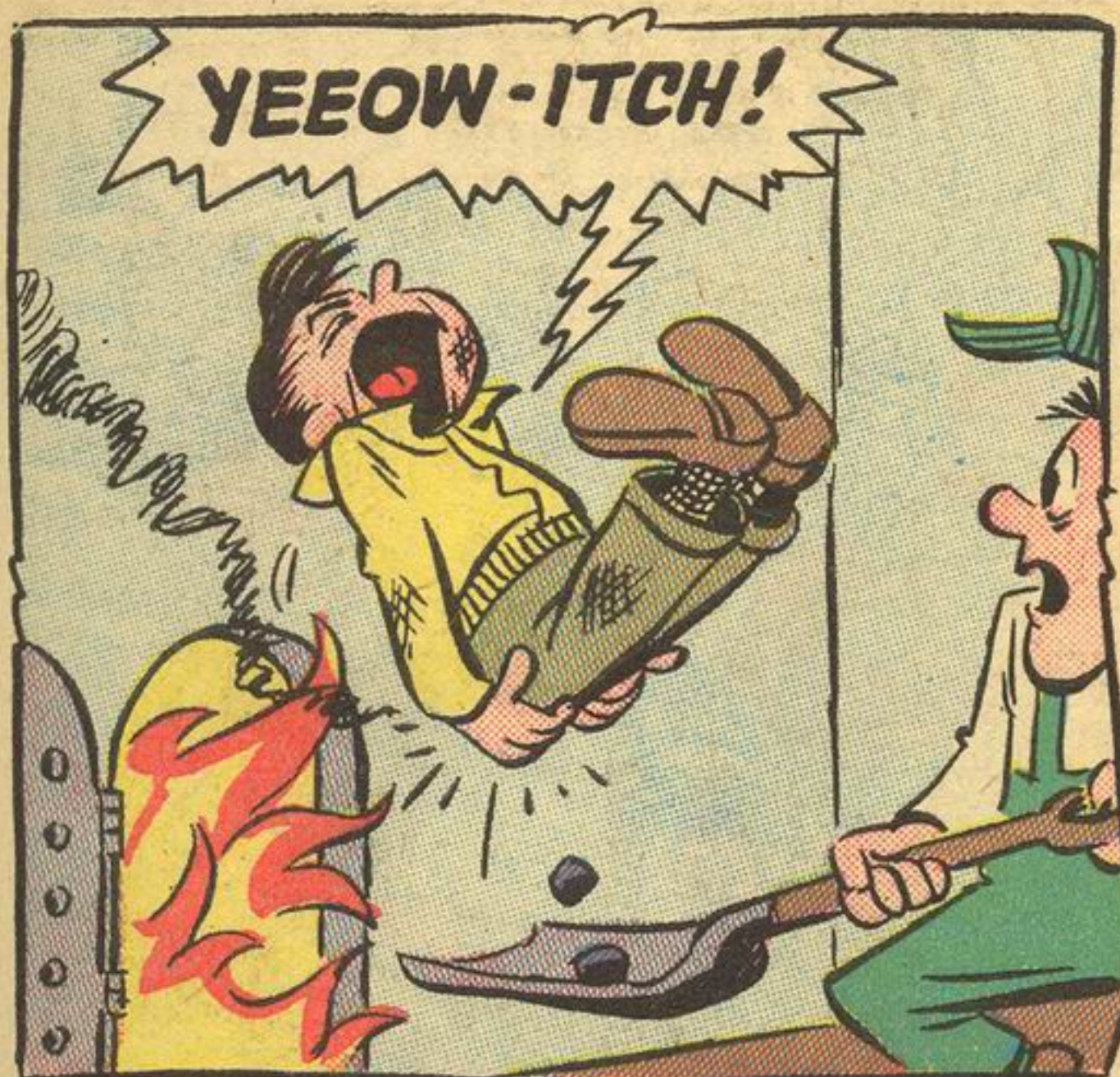
COOKIE! LOOK!
IT'S ANGEL'S NEW
BOY FRIEND---**AN'**
HE'S LOOKIN' FOR
US!

OH, HE **IS**, IS HE?
WELL, I'M GONNA
PUNCH---

COME BACK HERE, YA
BLUBBER-HEAD!
DON'TCHA **GET IT?**
NOBODY IN THEIR
RIGHT MIND WOULD GO
TO **THIS** MUCH TROUBLE
TO GET YOU! THAT JOKER'S
DANGEROUS! BET HE'S
GOT A **GUN** OR SOME-
THIN'!









WELL, COOK! NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GO DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT AN' FIND A SHIP THAT...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

OH, N-NO!



RUN FOR IT! THAT GUY'S REAL GONE! HE READS MINDS YET... KNEW WHERE WE'D BE!



COOKIE, THERE'S OUR CHANCE! BOOST ME UP AN' I'LL PULL DOWN THAT FIRE ESCAPE! WE CAN CLIMB IT AN' GO OVER THE ROOF!



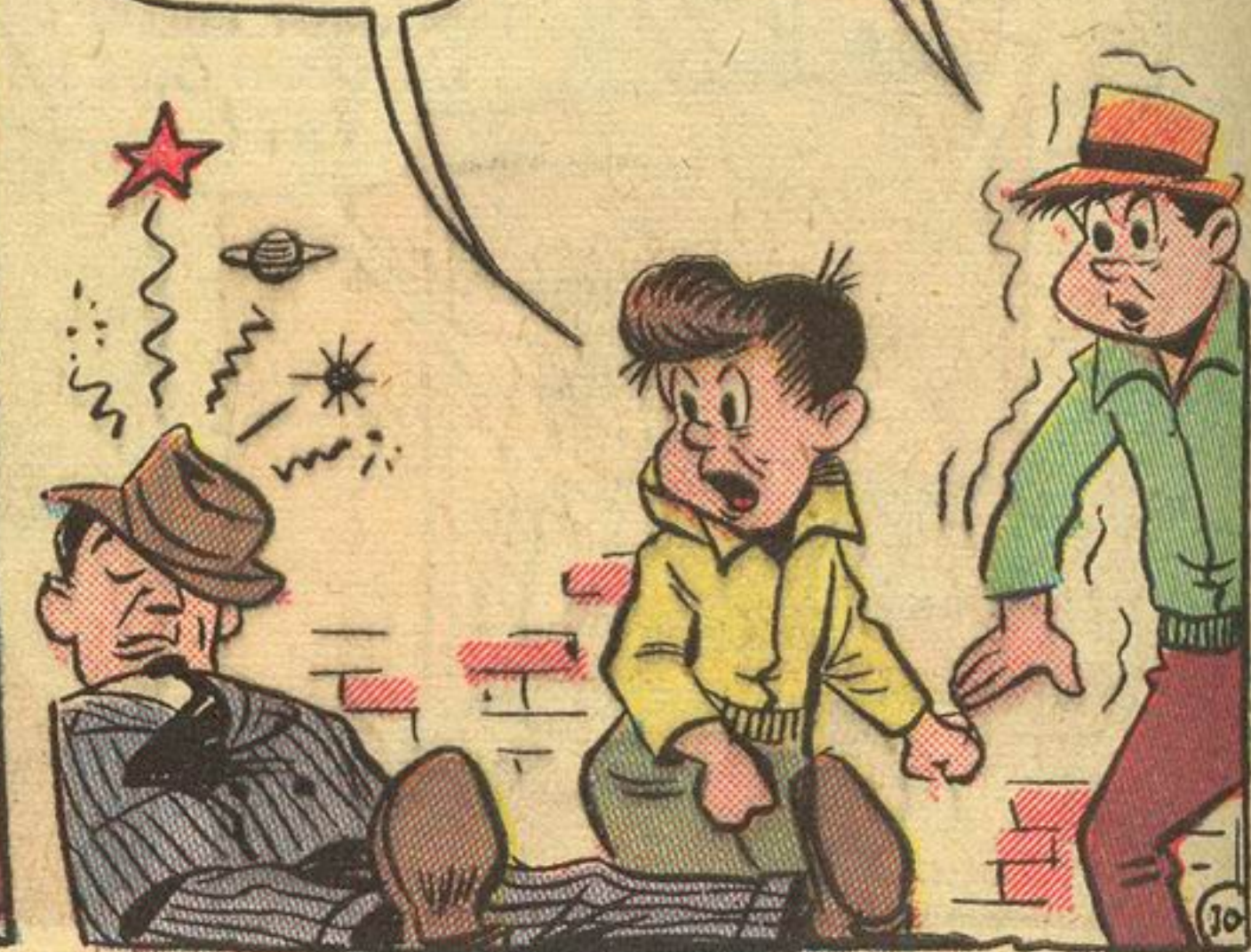
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY AFTER ALL THIS, DID YOU?



BLANG!

JEEPERS, JIT! HE'S OUT COLDER'N A DEEP FREEZE! THAT WAS FAST THINKIN' ON YOUR PART!

SO WHO THOUGHT FAST? I JUST GOT SCARED AN' LET GO!

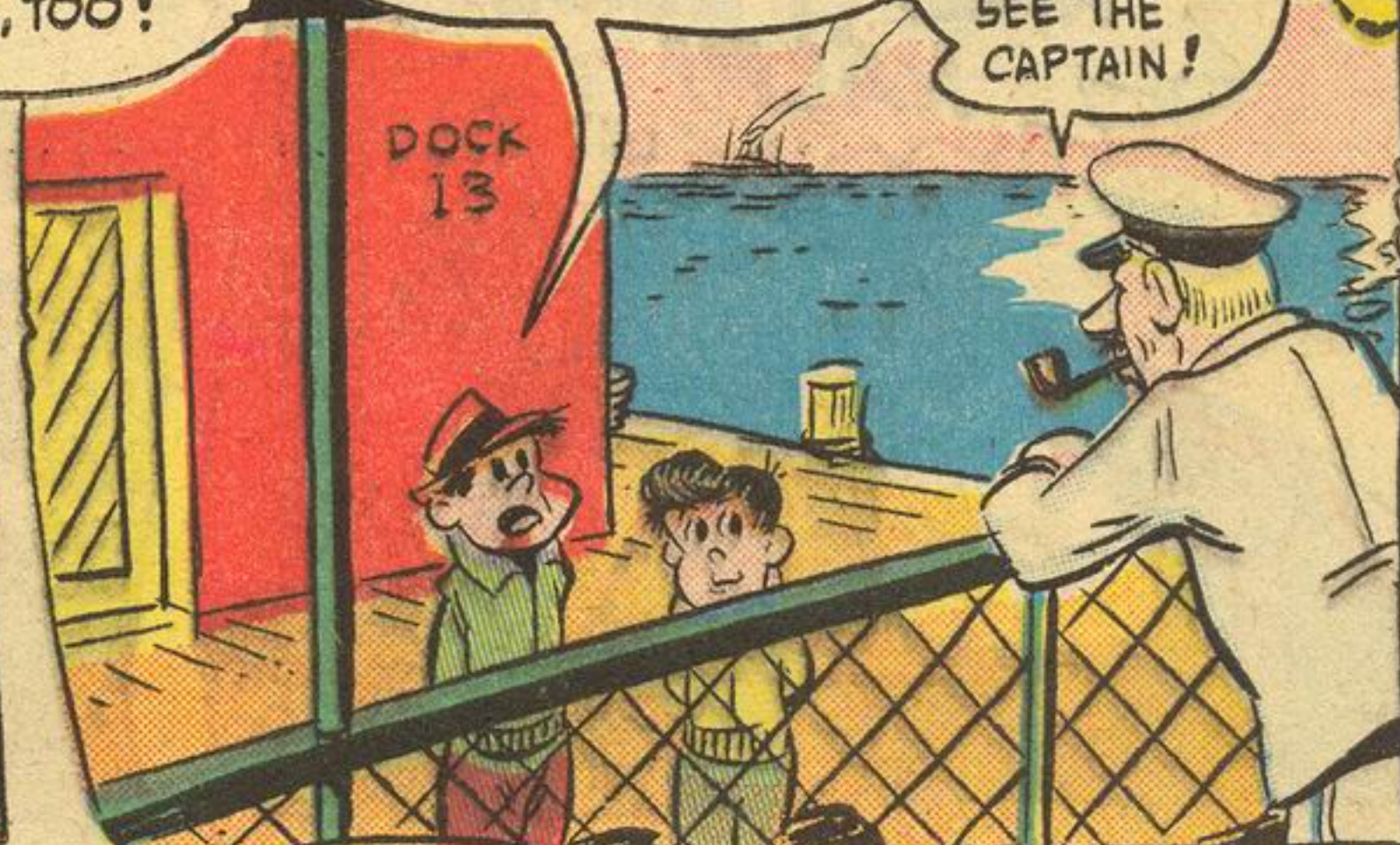
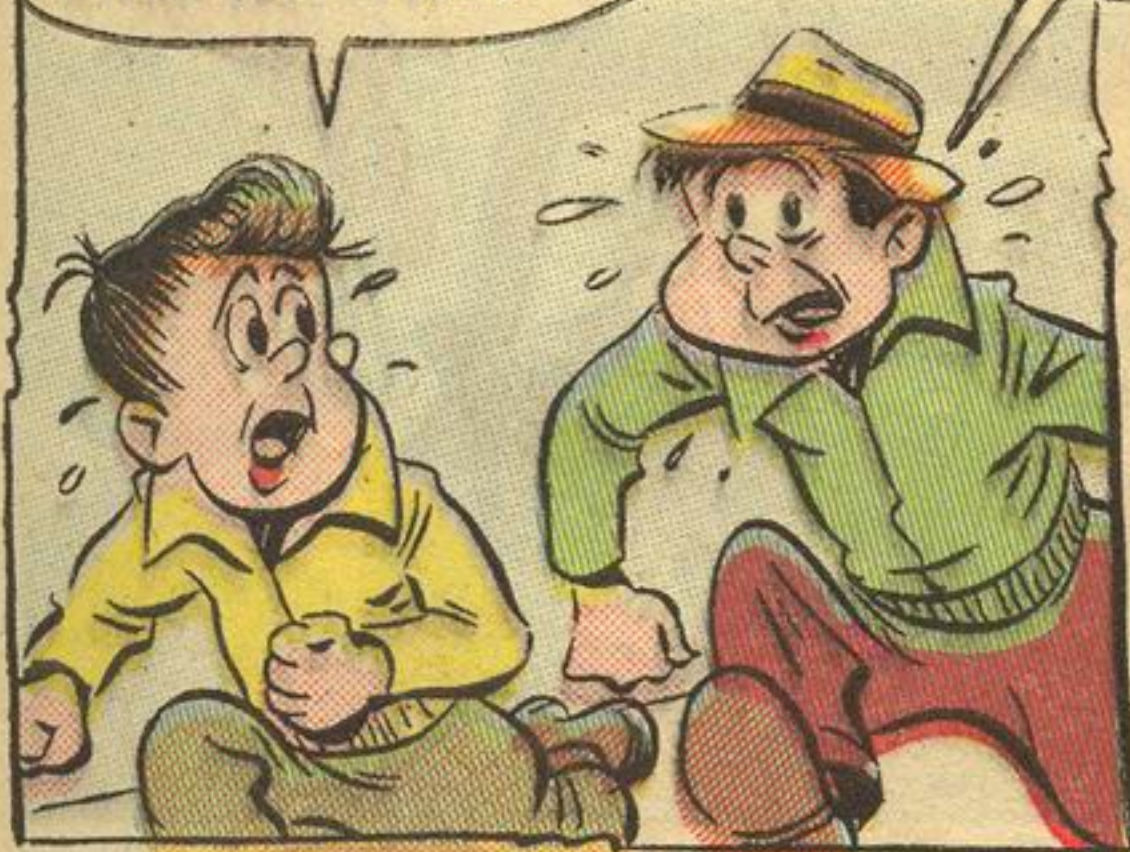


KNOCKIN' THAT GUY COLD
ISN'T GONNA STOP HIM...
HE'S **UNCANNY!** IF WE'RE
GONNA JOIN THE FOREIGN
LEGION AN' FORGET DAMES,
WE GOTTA GET A JOB ON
A SHIP, AND **FAST!**

YEAH, AN' AS LONG
AS WE'RE JOININ'
THAT OUTFIT TO
FORGET, LET'S IN-
CLUDE FORGETTIN'
HIM, TOO!

HEY MISTER, WE'RE
LOOKIN' FOR A JOB
ON A SHIP THAT'S GOIN'
TO AFRICA! WHERE'S
THIS SHIP GOIN'?

THIS IS YOUR SHIP,
M' BOY!...WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR
ALGIERS! COME
ABOARD AND
SEE THE
CAPTAIN!



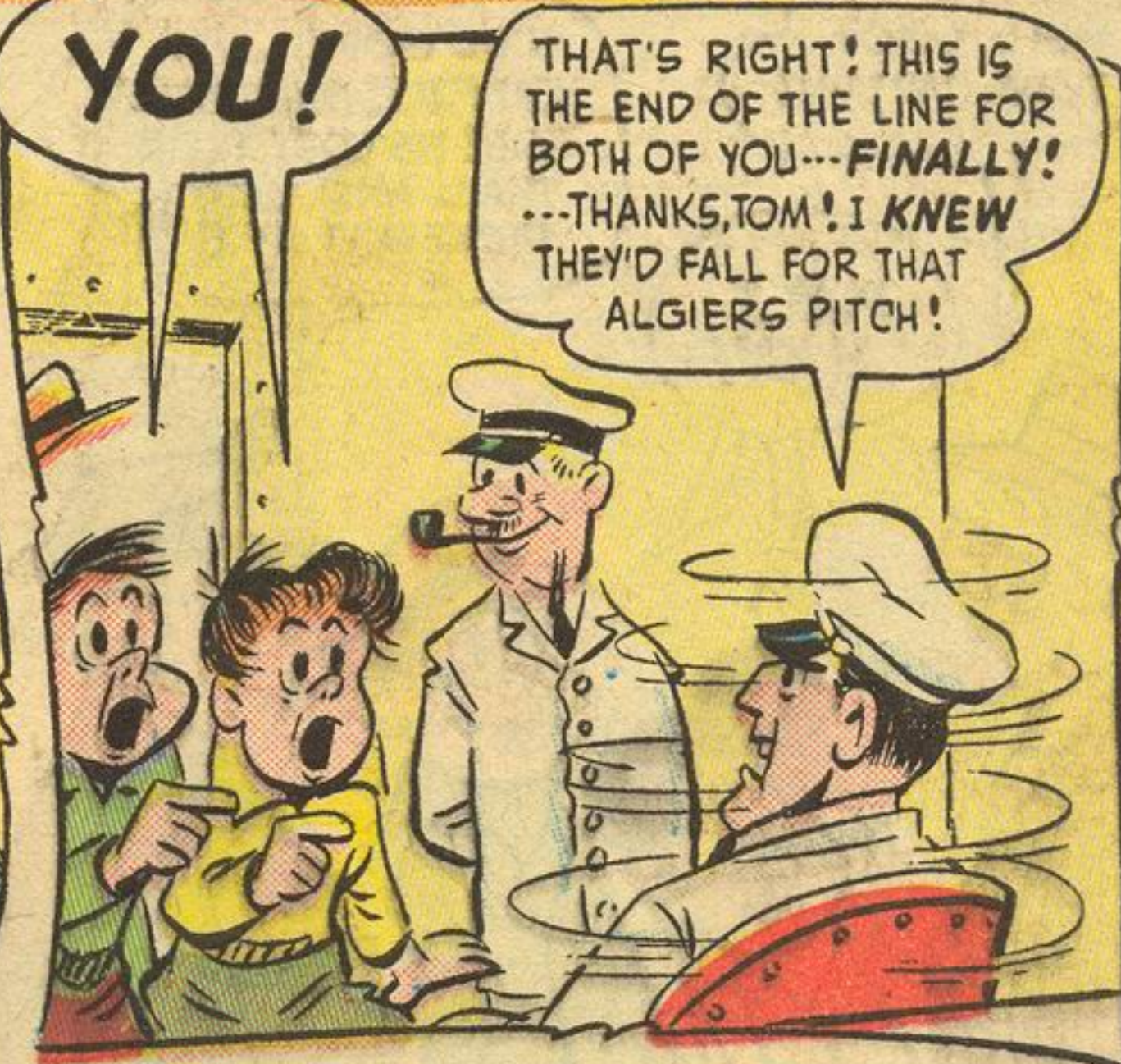
CAPTAIN! HERE'S A
COUPLA KIDS LOOKIN'
FOR JOBS!

OH, BOY!
**THIS IS
IT!**



YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! THIS IS
THE END OF THE LINE FOR
BOTH OF YOU...**FINALLY!**
...THANKS, TOM! I **KNEW**
THEY'D FALL FOR THAT
ALGIERS PITCH!



OKAY, GET IN
THE CAR!

WHAT'RE
YA GONNA
DO?

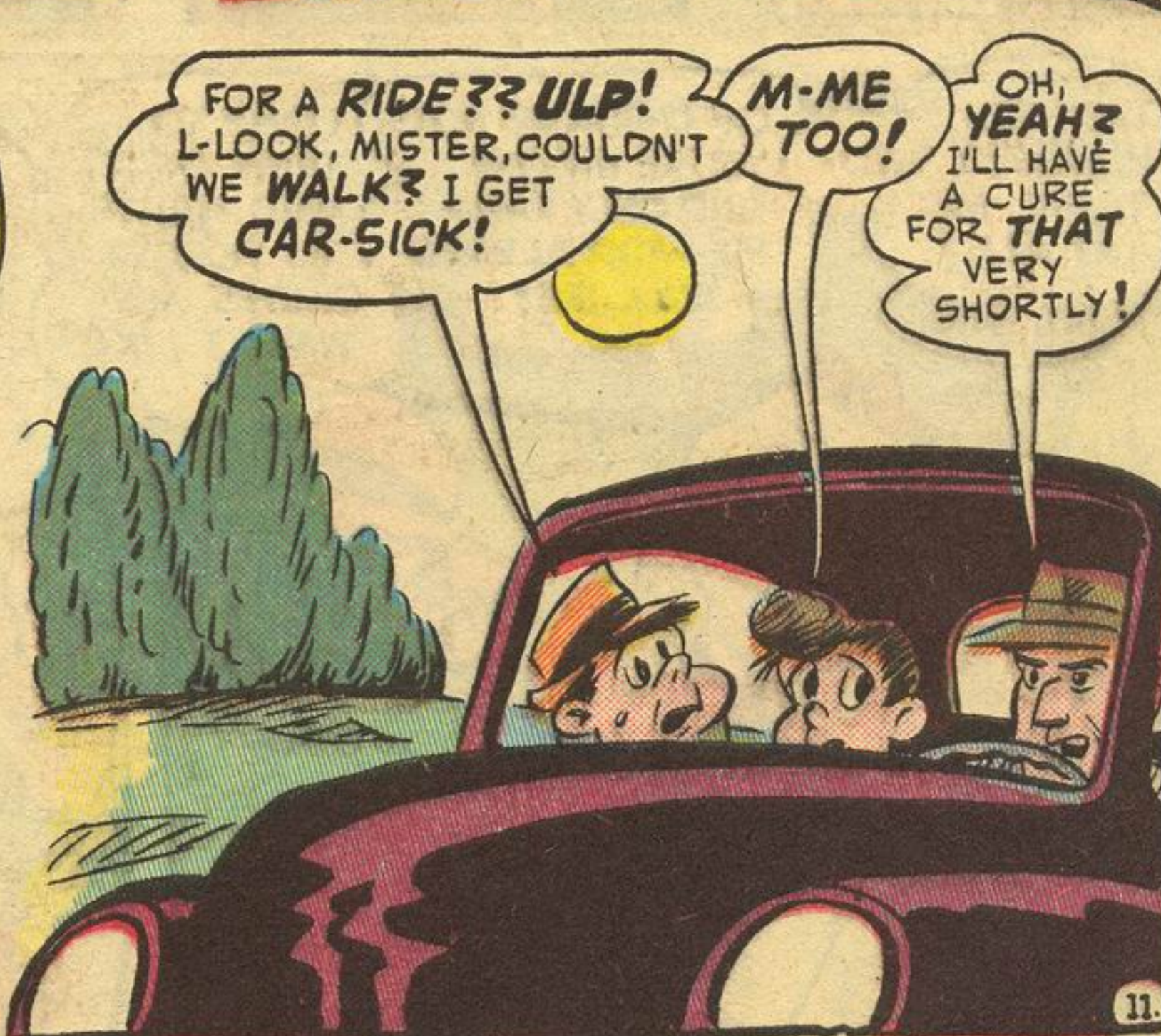
TAKE YOU
FOR A
RIDE!

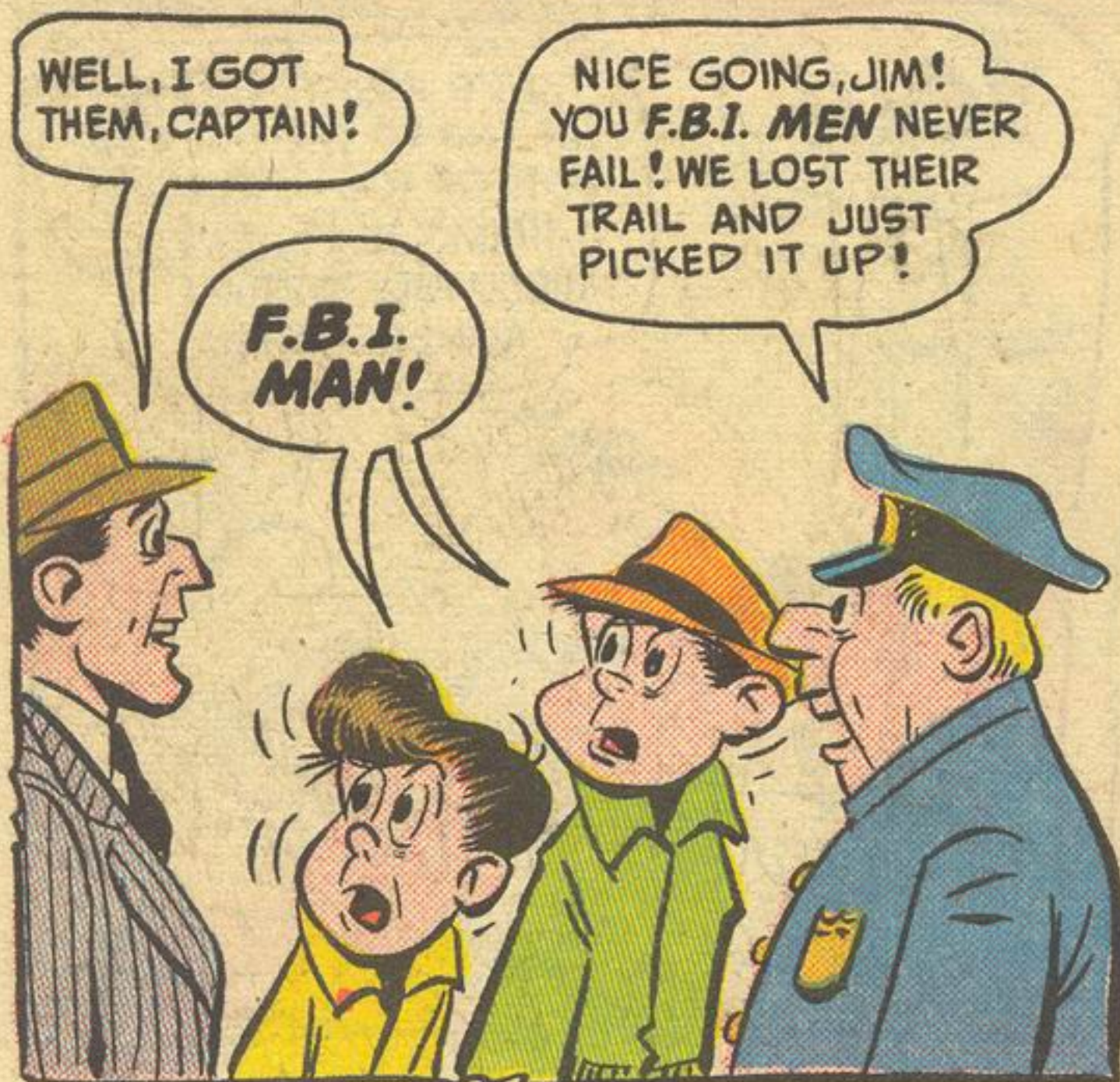


FOR A **RIDE?? ULP!**
L-LOOK, MISTER, COULDN'T
WE **WALK?** I GET
CAR-SICK!

**M-ME
TOO!**

OH,
YEAH?
I'LL HAVE
A CURE
FOR **THAT**
VERY
SHORTLY!





"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE
TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER
JONES'
FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--

FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!

HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS-- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!

ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!

WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-P..
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!

FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE
FOOTING-- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!

"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"-- SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, SURER
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

"LANA MERCER! Lana Mercer!" Jitterbuck Jones moaned this magic name as though it were beautiful music.

"Come and eat your dinner, son," Mrs. Jones called from the dining room. "It's steak and potatoes!"

Like a sleepwalker, Jit went to the table and sat down. His eyes were filmy and far-away, a faint smile wreathed his lips, and his manner was altogether vague as he picked half-heartedly at the steak. Suddenly, without a word of explanation, he rose from the table and walked dreamily away, his head in the clouds.

"What ails that boy?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"Don't know, mother," Mr. Jones answered. "He hasn't been acting right for some time now. Maybe he ought to see the doctor!"

"I think he's got something on his mind," Mrs. Jones worried. "But when I ask him to talk about it, he just smiles and sighs. What he needs is some cheering up! Why don't we ask him to go out with us tonight, dear? He hasn't shown any interest in anything. This might help."

The truth was that Jit did indeed have something on his mind. It wasn't exactly something... it was someone! For weeks, he had been carrying a hopeless torch for Lana Mercer. Why hopeless? Because Lana was popular, that's why! Whenever Jit saw her, she was always surrounded by admirers, six deep. The only way Jit could get to her side was if he used a blowtorch! Lana Mercer didn't even know he was in town!

And so, here was a Saturday night when Jit would normally have been out making merry. But Jit wasn't normal any more, and so he decorated the living room couch, cast his eyes up to the

ceiling and softly moaned his loved one's name.

"How'd you like to join your mother and me tonight, son?" Mr. Jones asked warmly. "We're going over to visit some friends. Expect there'll be something good on the television set and they always serve fine refreshments. How about it, my boy?"

"Refreshments!" Jit was scornful. "Sorry, dad, but my heart wouldn't be in it! I'll be all right here at home, alone."

As soon as his parents left the house, Jit sagged back on the couch where he spent the remainder of the evening... and a dull, listless, unhappy evening it was. Only his visions of the never-to-be-attained Lana sustained Jit's failing spirits.

It was about eleven o' clock when Jit's folks came home, gay and cheerful. They found Jit in exactly the same position he had assumed on their departure.

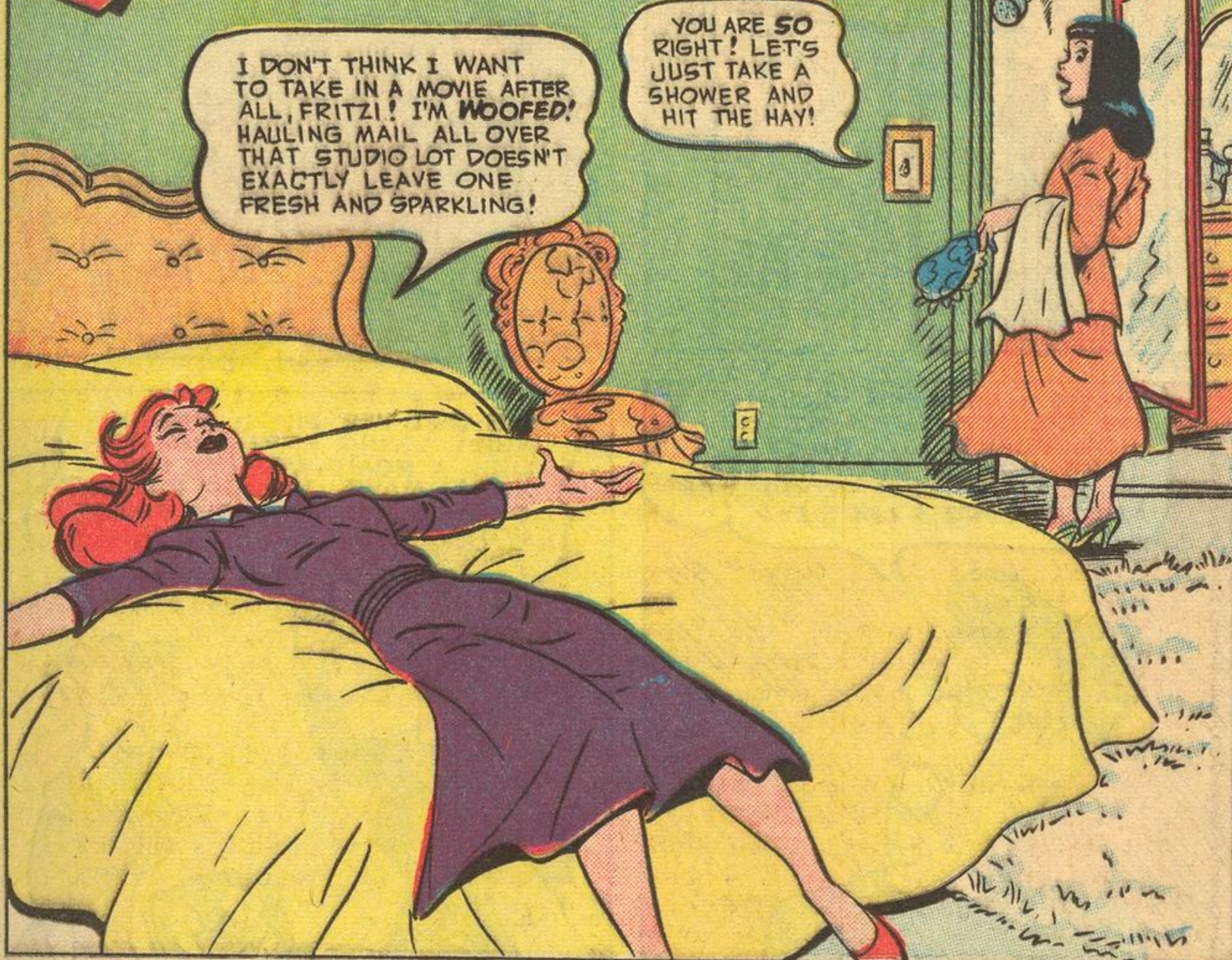
"Too bad you didn't join us, Jit," Mr. Jones said. "The Mercers were sorry you couldn't make it. Their daughter, Lana, stayed home especially to meet you!"

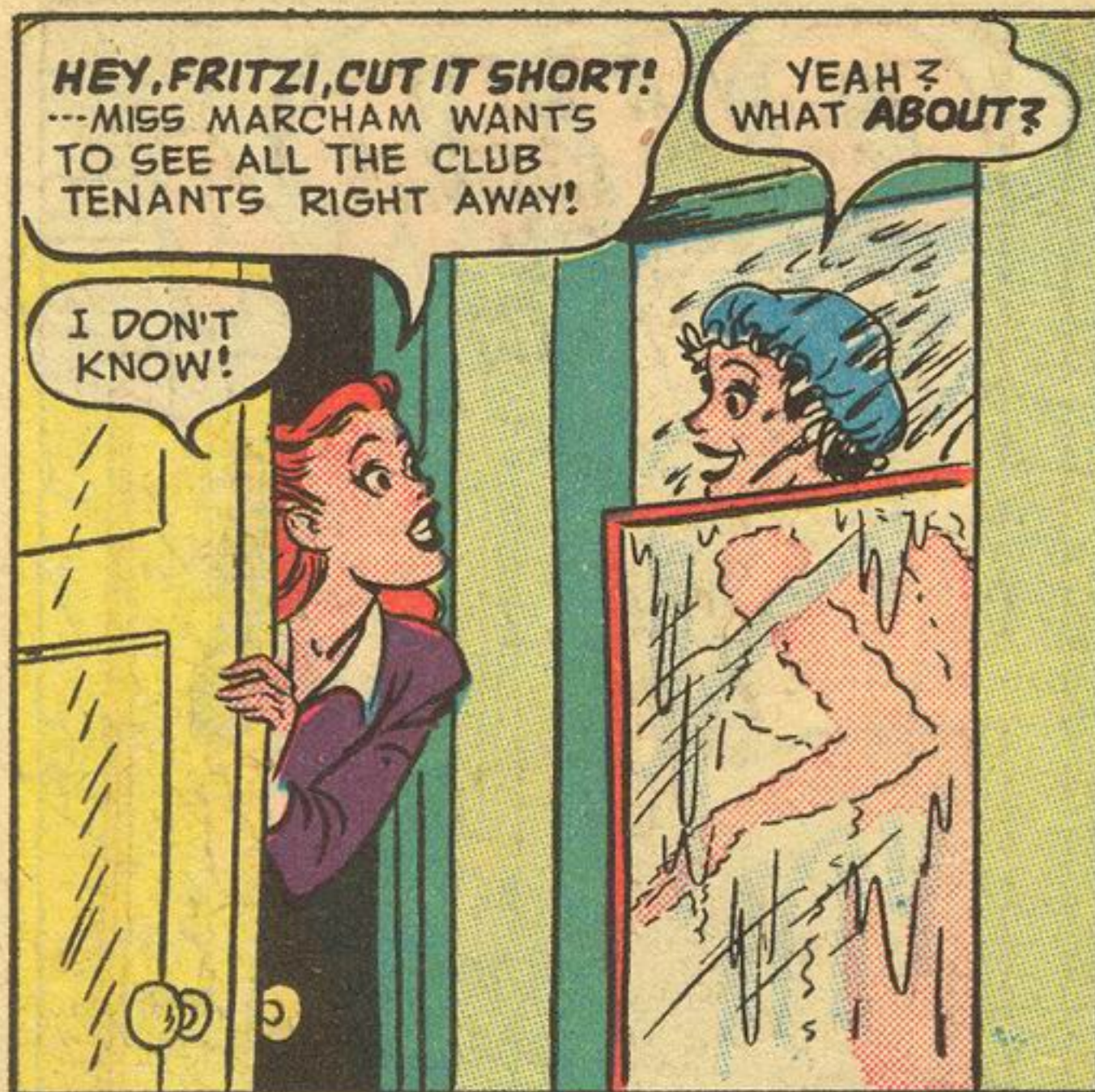
Jit gasped and seemed about to collapse entirely. But, with one giant spurt of energy, he dashed to the phone and called the Mercer house. "Lana," he breathed, "is it really you? I'm sorry I couldn't make it tonight, on account of a previous date! Could you see... me tomorrow?"

Jit's face was a study of happiness as he hung up. "She said she would!" he told his mystified parents. His voice took on a new note as he repeated the magic name, "Lana! Lana Mercer!"

STARLET O'HARA

IN HOLLYWOOD





I DON'T KNOW!

HEY, FRITZI, CUT IT SHORT!
...MISS MARCHAM WANTS
TO SEE ALL THE CLUB
TENANTS RIGHT AWAY!

YEAH?
WHAT ABOUT?



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GIRLS, I WANT YOU TO
MEET A FAMOUS ALUMNA
OF THE STUDIO CLUB,
MAVIS LAMONT! MAVIS
WAS ONE OF THE **FIRST**
STARS TO APPEAR IN A
SOUND PICTURE!

GEE! HELLO,
MISS LAMONT!

I REMEMBER
HER IN
"CONFESSION!"



MAVIS HAS BEEN PLAYING
ON THE NEW YORK STAGE
FOR YEARS, BUT SHE'S OUT
HERE NOW TO PLAY THE LEAD
IN M.D.M.'S NEW PRODUCTION,
"**MOTHER WAS A LADY!**"



SHE GOT HER FIRST BREAK
WHILE LIVING HERE, AND IT'S
LIKE A **HOME-COMING** FOR
HER! MAVIS WOULD RATHER
STAY HERE THAN THE FINEST
HOTEL, JUST FOR OLD TIME'S
SAKE!



BUT AS YOU KNOW, WE
HAVEN'T THE ROOM, AND
THAT'S WHY I'VE ASKED YOU
ALL DOWN HERE! ... COULD
ANY OF YOU GIVE UP YOUR
ROOM TO MAVIS? IT WOULD
ONLY BE FOR TWO WEEKS!
MAYBE SOME OF YOU COULD
STAY WITH FRIENDS!

SHE CAN
HAVE **OUR**
ROOM, MISS
MARCHAM!

HUH?

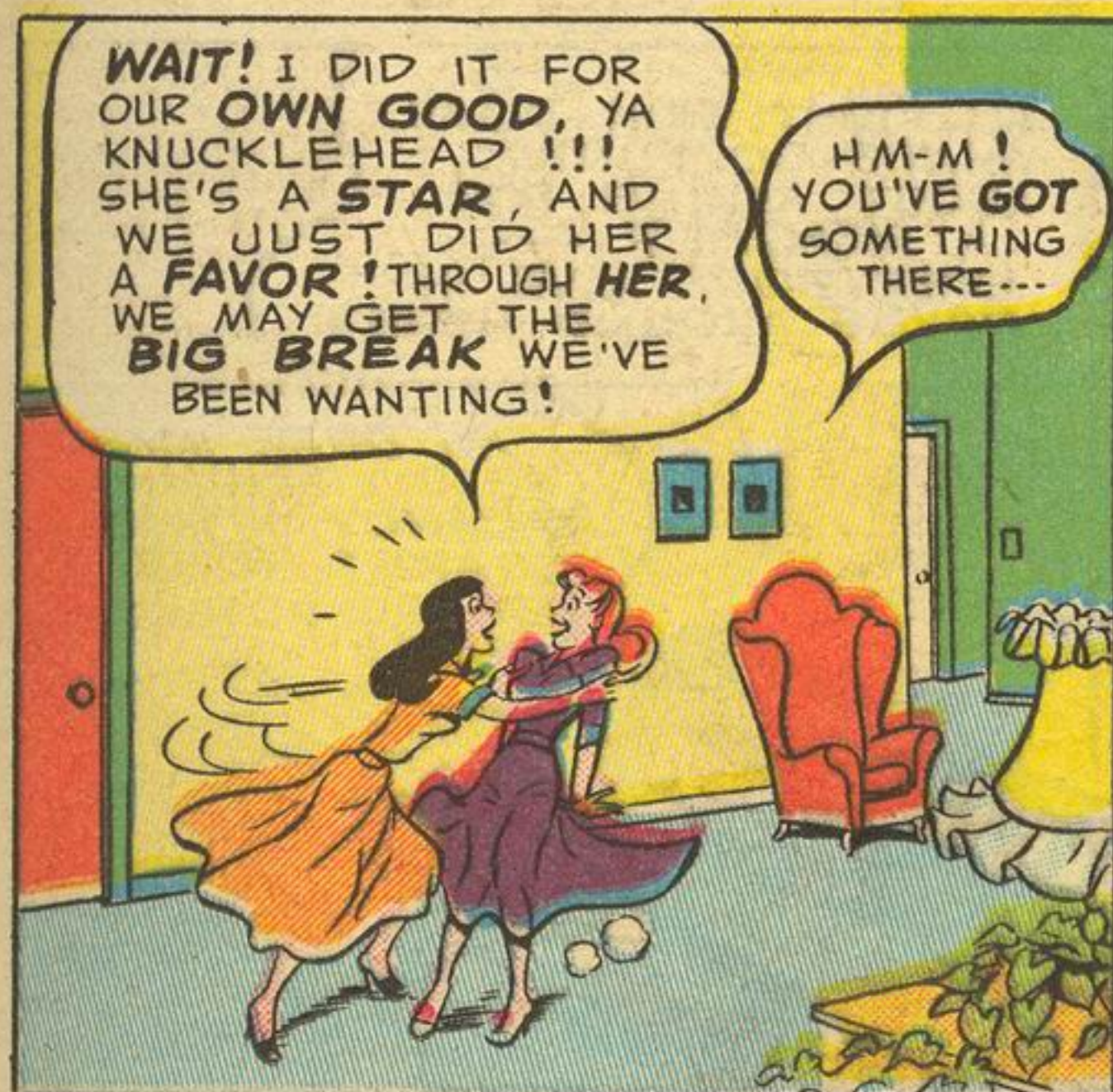


WONDERFUL, FRITZI!
I'M SURE MAVIS
APPRECIATES THIS
GENEROSITY BY YOU
AND STARLET!

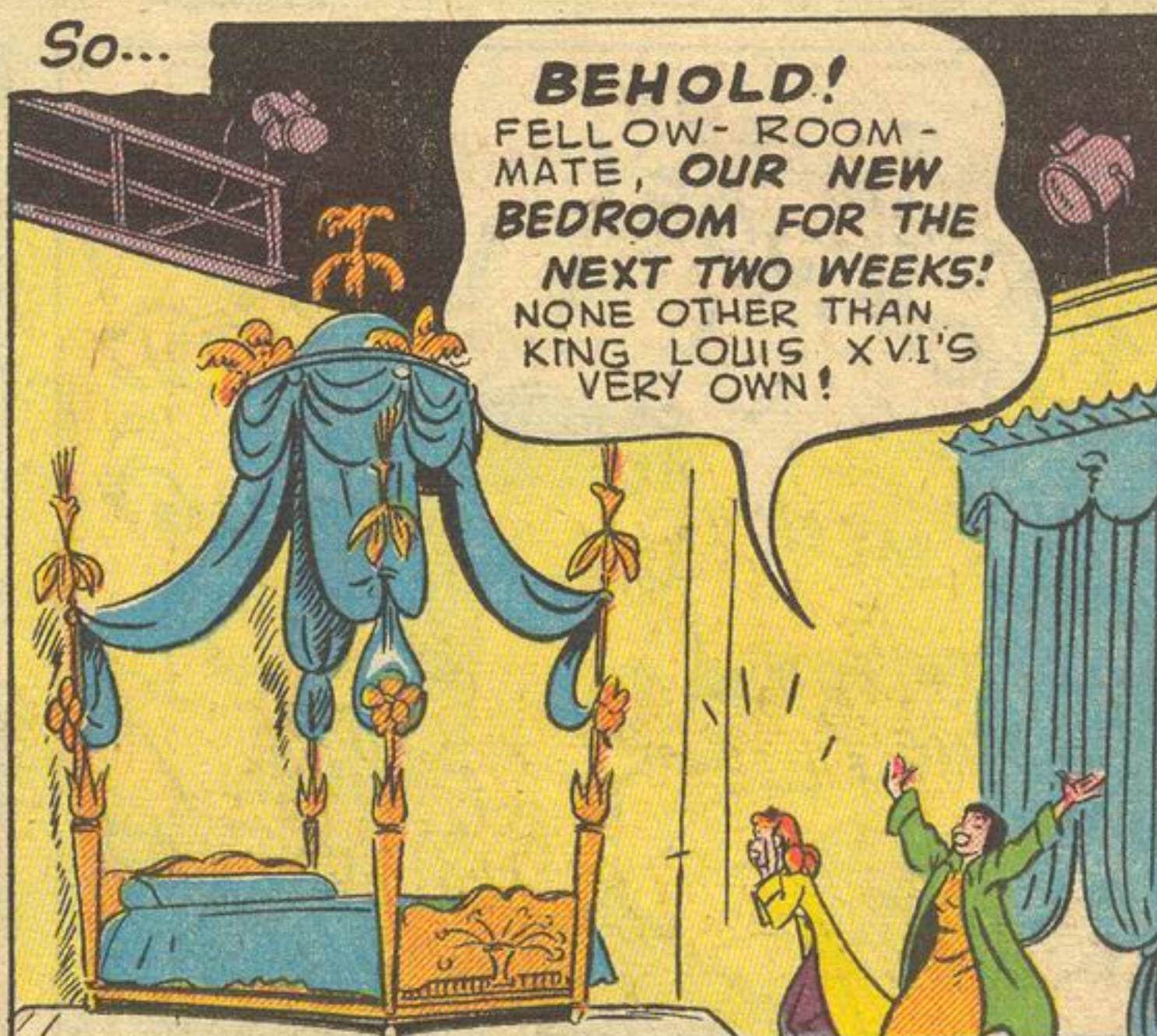
WE'LL BE
GLAD TO
HELP HER
MOVE IN!

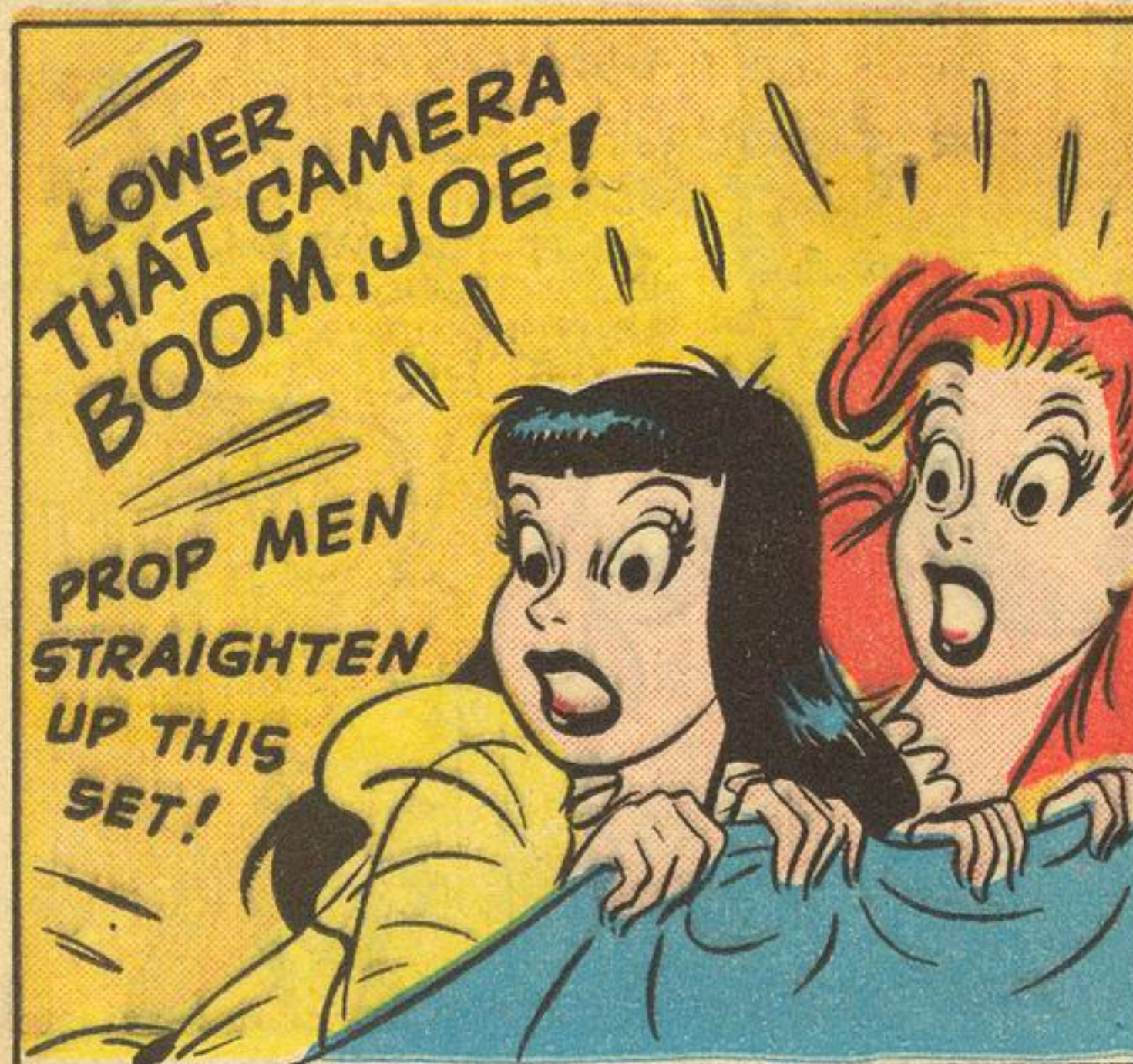
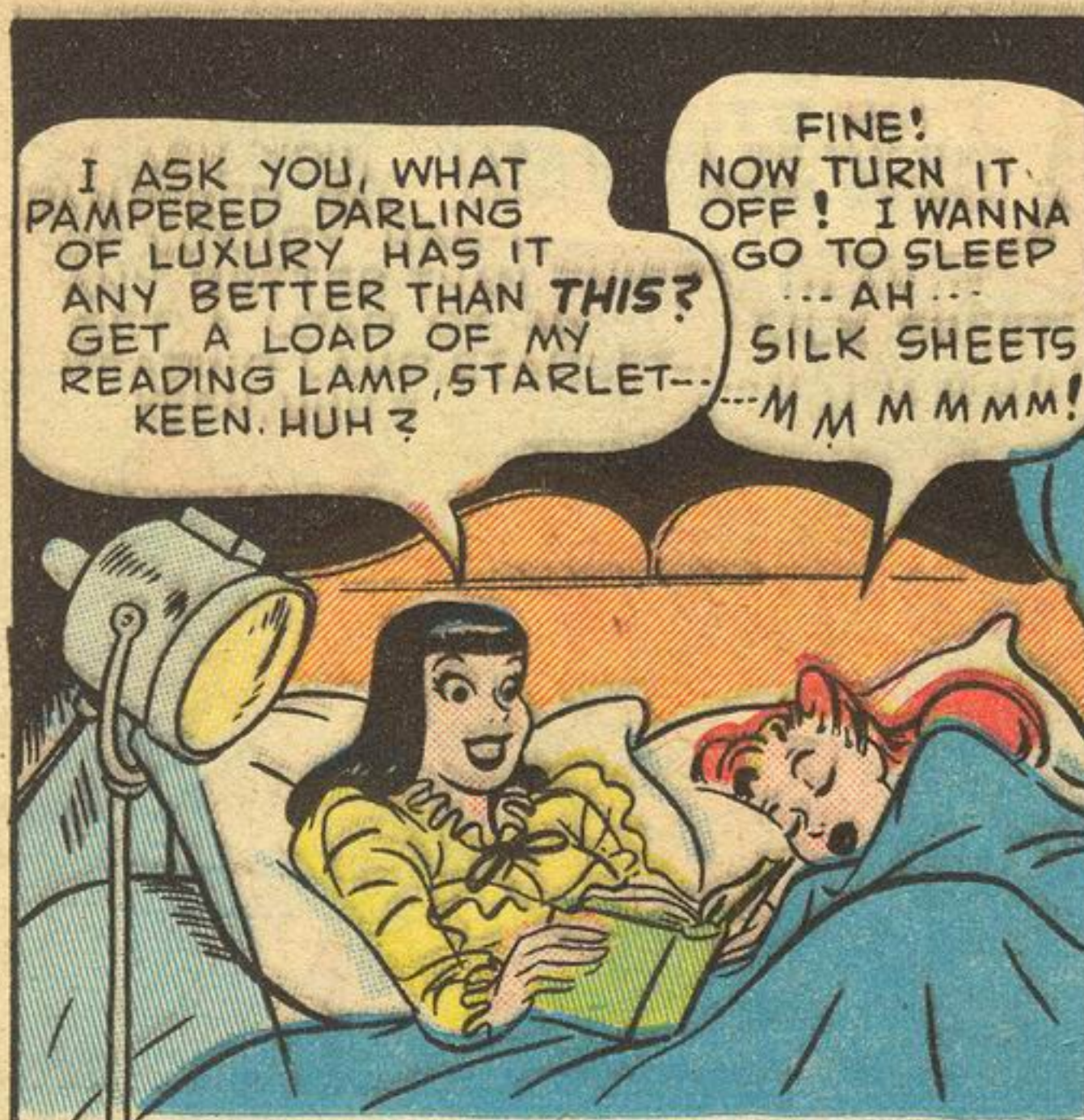
I DO, I DO!
I'LL HAVE MY
THINGS BROUGHT
IN RIGHT AWAY!

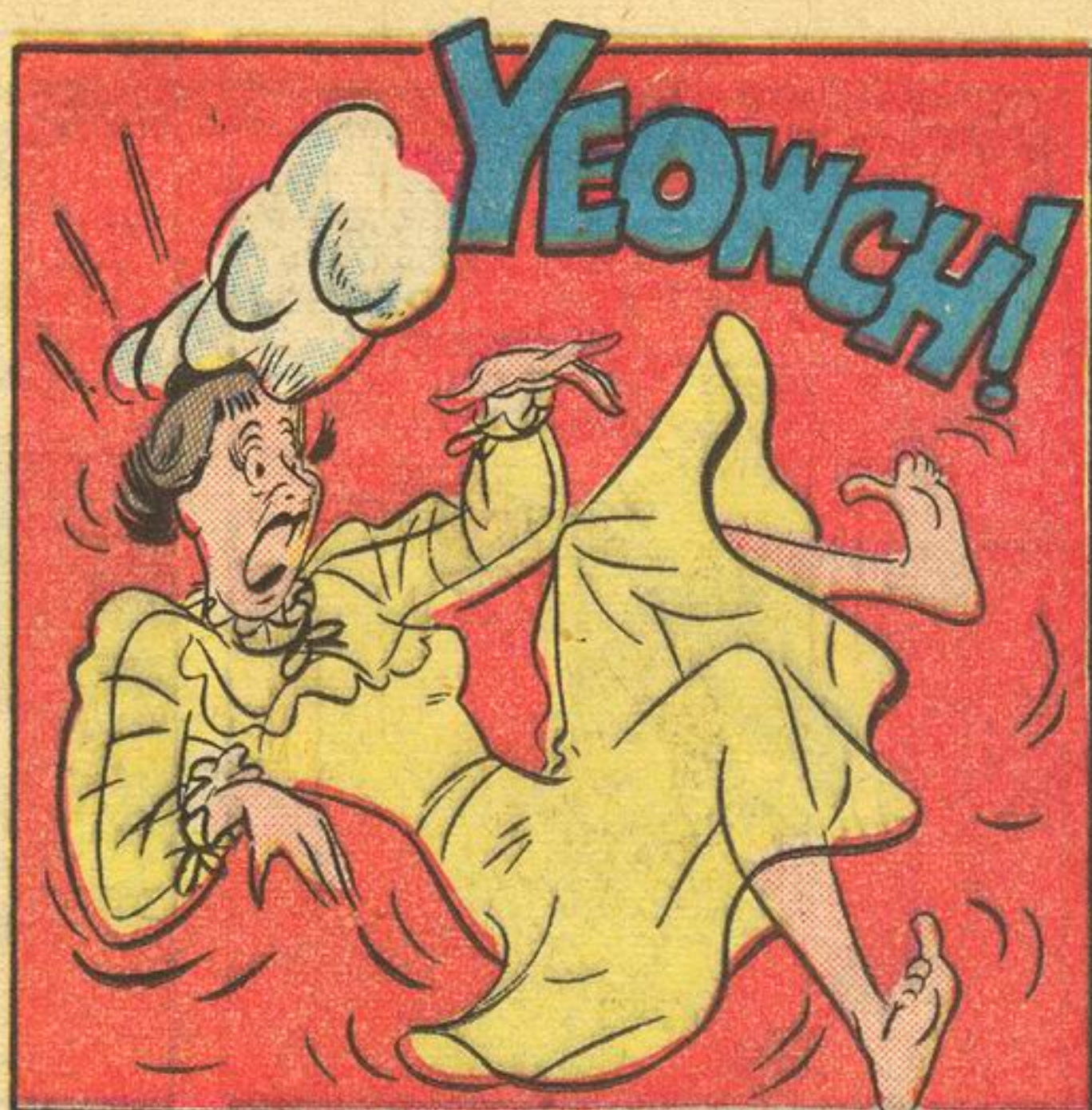
COME BACK
HERE...
YOU!

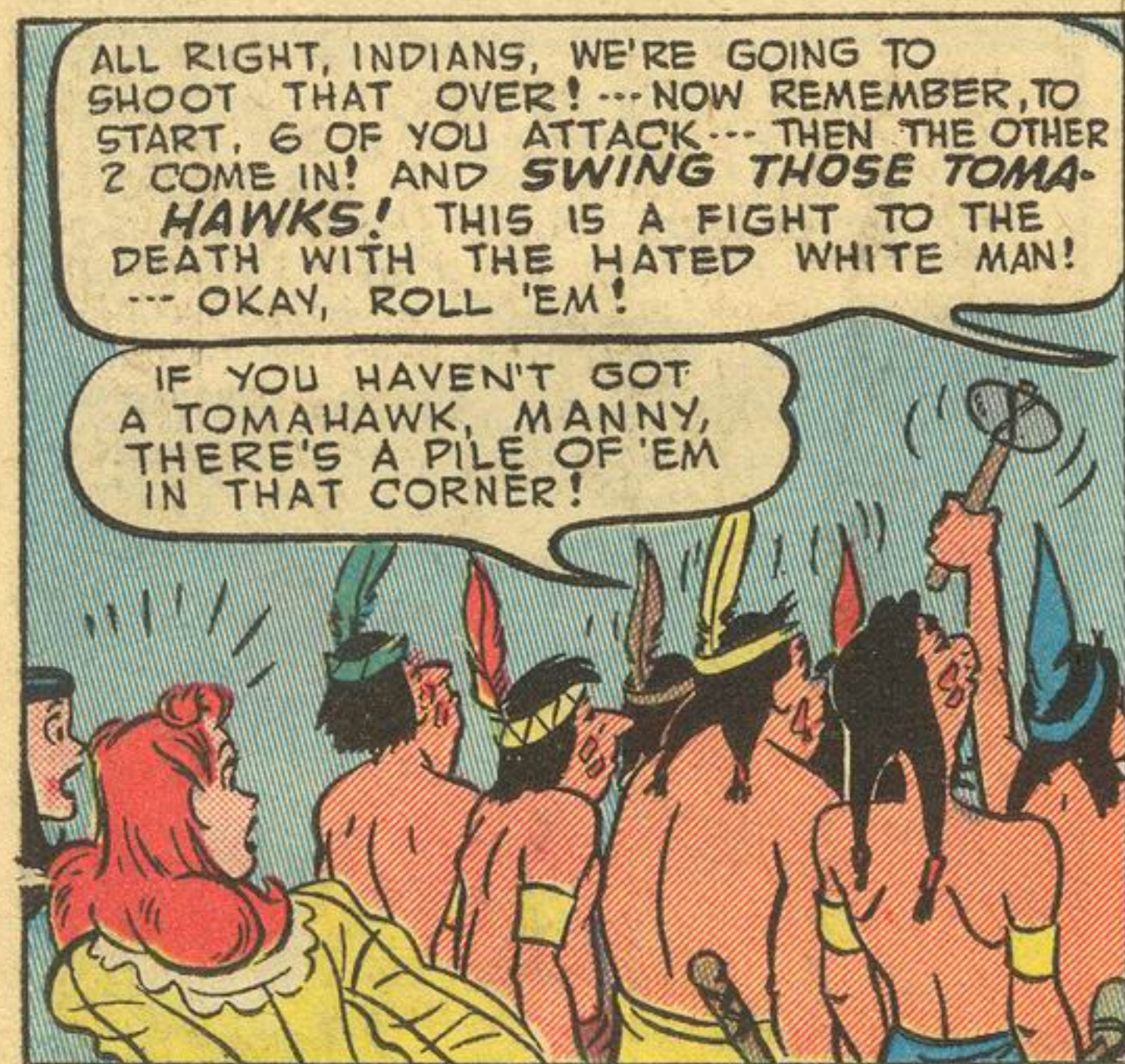
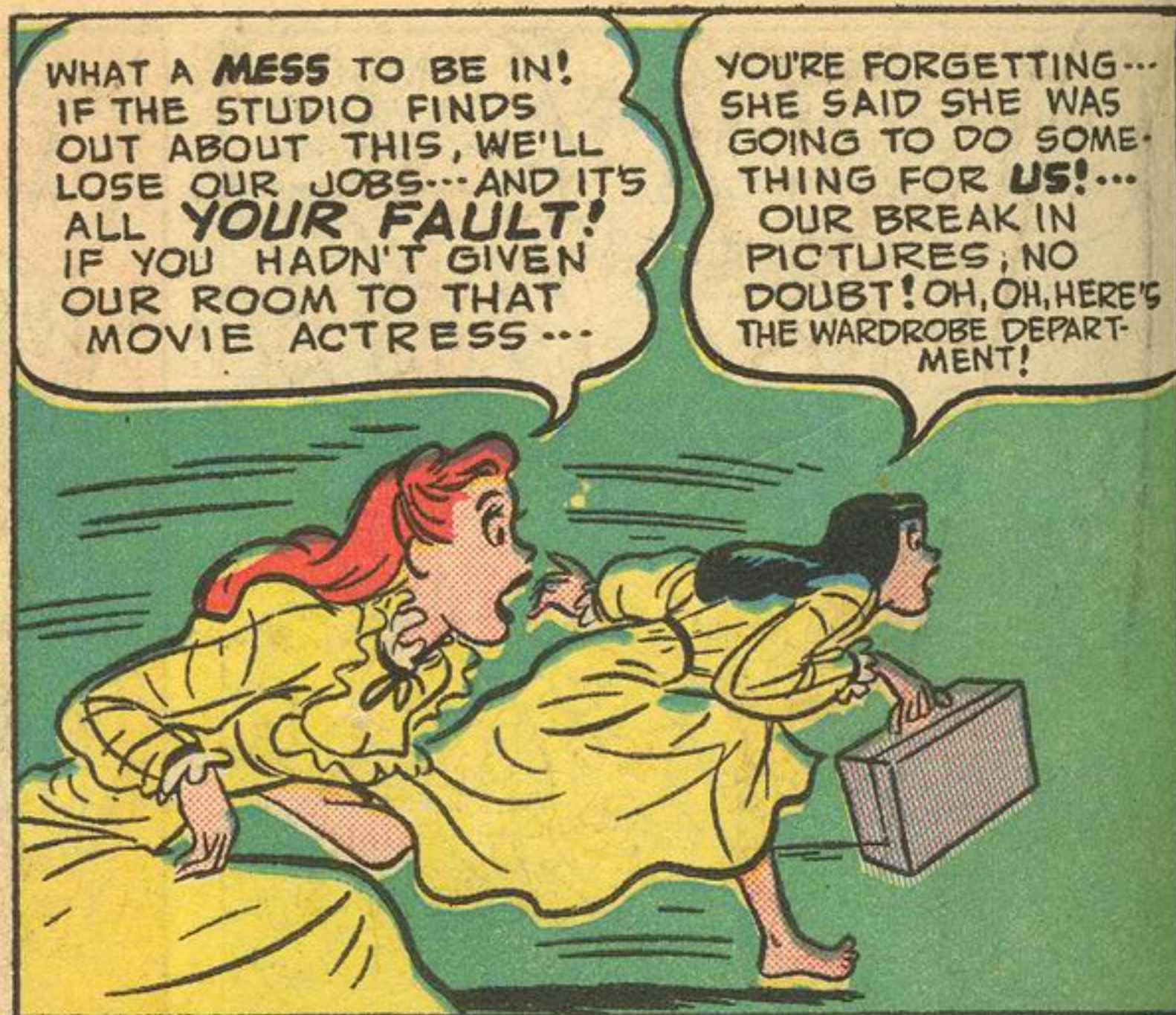


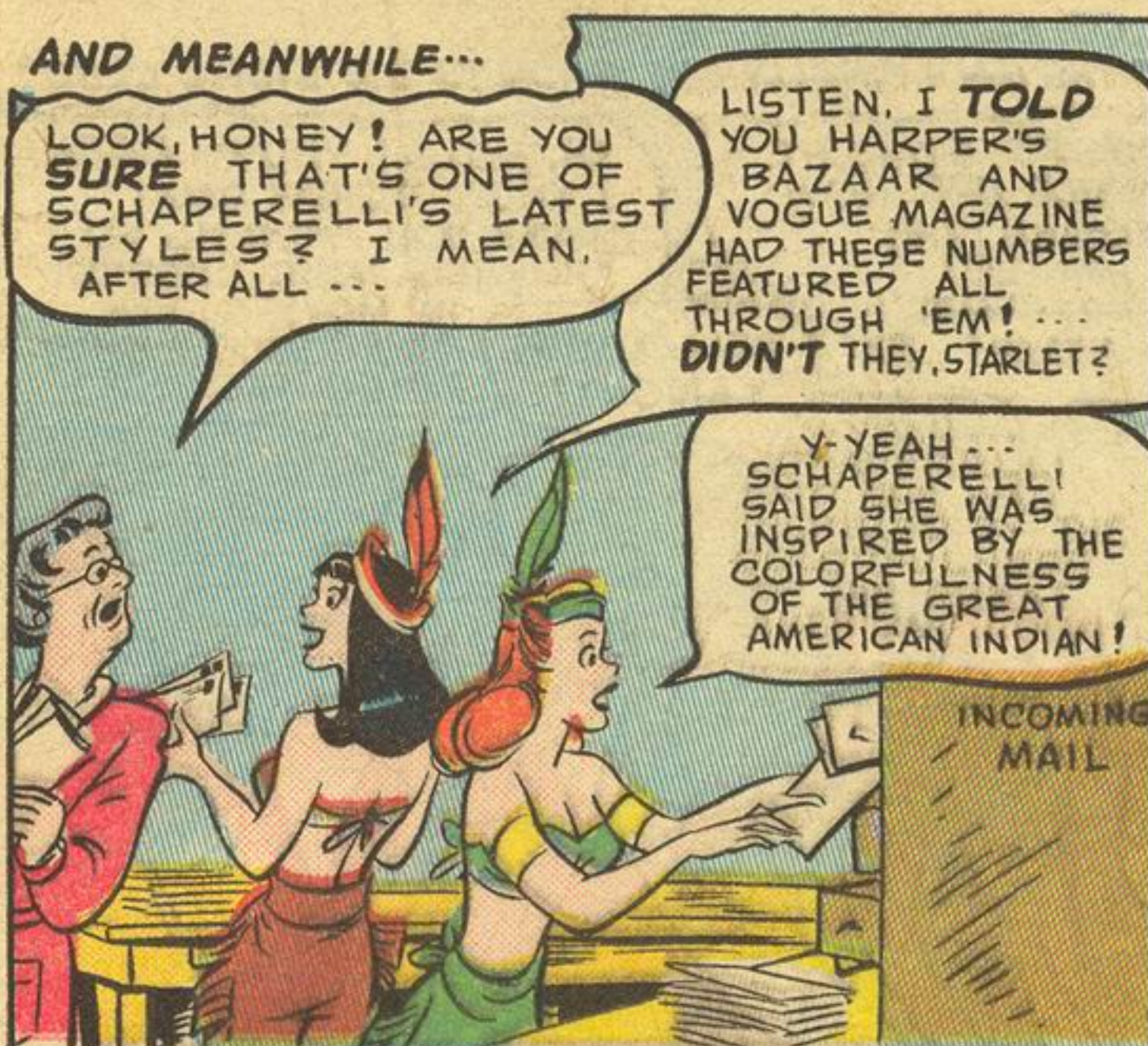












SO, SIX DAYS LATER...

6 NIGHTS WITH ONLY 4 HOURS SLEEP! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER, FRITZI! ...LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF AND GET OUR ROOM BACK!

WHAT? AND HAVE MAVIS LAMONT NOT ARRANGE OUR BIG BREAK FOR US?...
NO SIR!!
WE'RE STICKIN'!

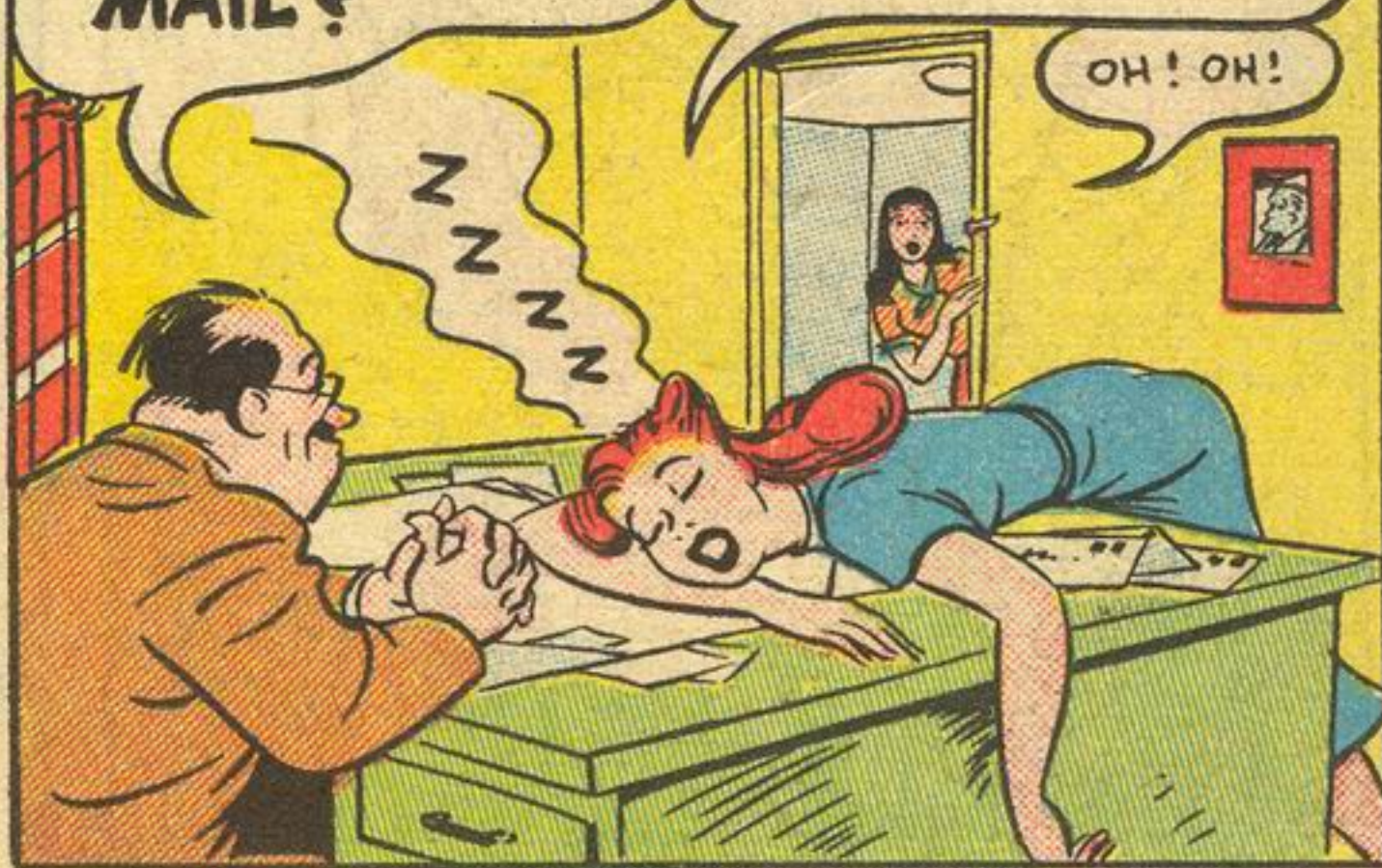


FINALLY, THE 14TH DAY ARRIVES...

MISS O'HARA, DO YOU **ALWAYS** SLEEP ON THE DESKS OF THE PEOPLE TO WHOM YOU DELIVER **MAIL?**

WHY, KING LOOEY! YOU KNOW VERY WELL MY NAME'S **MARIE ANTOINETTE** AND I **ALWAYS** SLEEP ON THIS BED!

OH! OH!



YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE HER, SIR! SHE'S **DELIRIOUS!** TRIED TO WORK WITH VIRUS X! ... I'M TAKING HER HOME!

I'M MARIE ANTOINETTE AND I BITE PEOPLE WHO SLEEP IN MY BED! Z-Z-Z-Z-Z...



SO THE GALS FINALLY GET BACK TO THE STUDIO CLUB!

PSST! STARLET, WAKE UP! NOW COMES THE PAYOFF!

I'M AWAKE!

HELLO, MISS LAMONT!

AH, GIRLS! YOU'RE **BACK!** I KNOW WORDS CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, SO KNOWING YOUR INTEREST IN MOVIES, I'VE ARRANGED A **SURPRISE** FOR YOU!



I'VE PREPARED **TWO** PICTURES OF MYSELF... **PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED!**



LATER...

AW, COME ON, STARLET! UNLOCK THE FRONT DOOR AND LET ME IN! **I'M TIRED!**

IF YOU'RE SO TIRED, GO ON BACK TO STAGE 16! THERE'S A BIG BED YOU CAN HAVE **ALL TO YOURSELF!**





*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

THE NEW 1950

LIONEL TRAINS

with **MAGNE-TRACTION**



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CLIMB**

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Only LIONEL TRAINS, with Magne-Traction can take terrific curves at top speed. Only LIONEL Locomotives, with Magne-Traction, can climb a 20% grade...pull twice as many cars twice as fast...stop on a dime...start instantly on command! Magical Magne-Traction is a LIONEL exclusive...like so many other features that make LIONEL TRAINS the finest in the world...for 50 years! Ask your dealer for the latest Lionel Catalog—or mail coupon for special offer.

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Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train Catalog offer postage prepaid.

1. The Big New Lionel 44-page full-color catalog
2. The "Magic of Magne-Traction Book" with new track layouts, scenic effects, landscaping, etc.
3. The Lionel "Portfolio of 19th Century Locomotive Art Prints"—in color—suitable for framing.

**ALL FOR
25¢**

Name

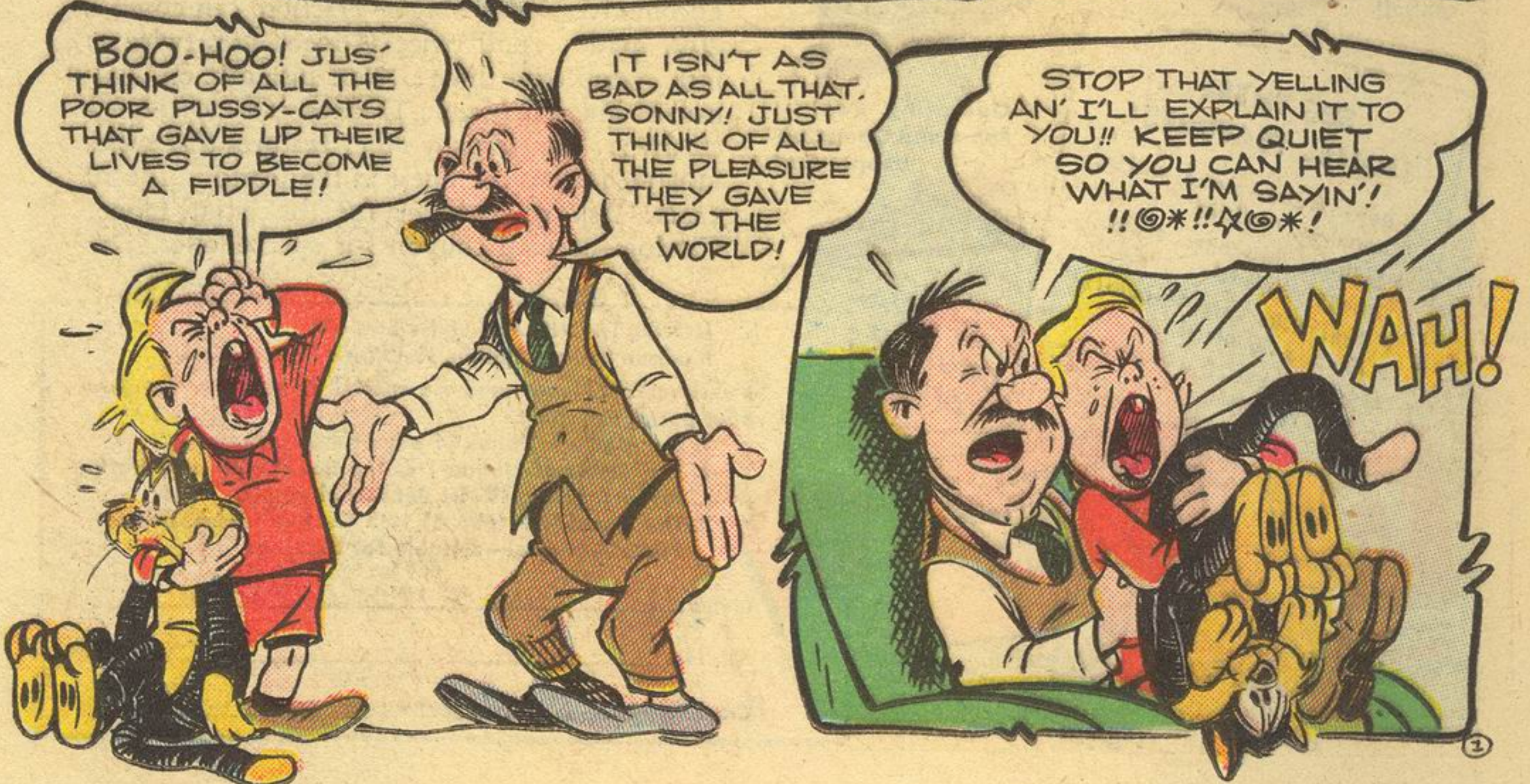
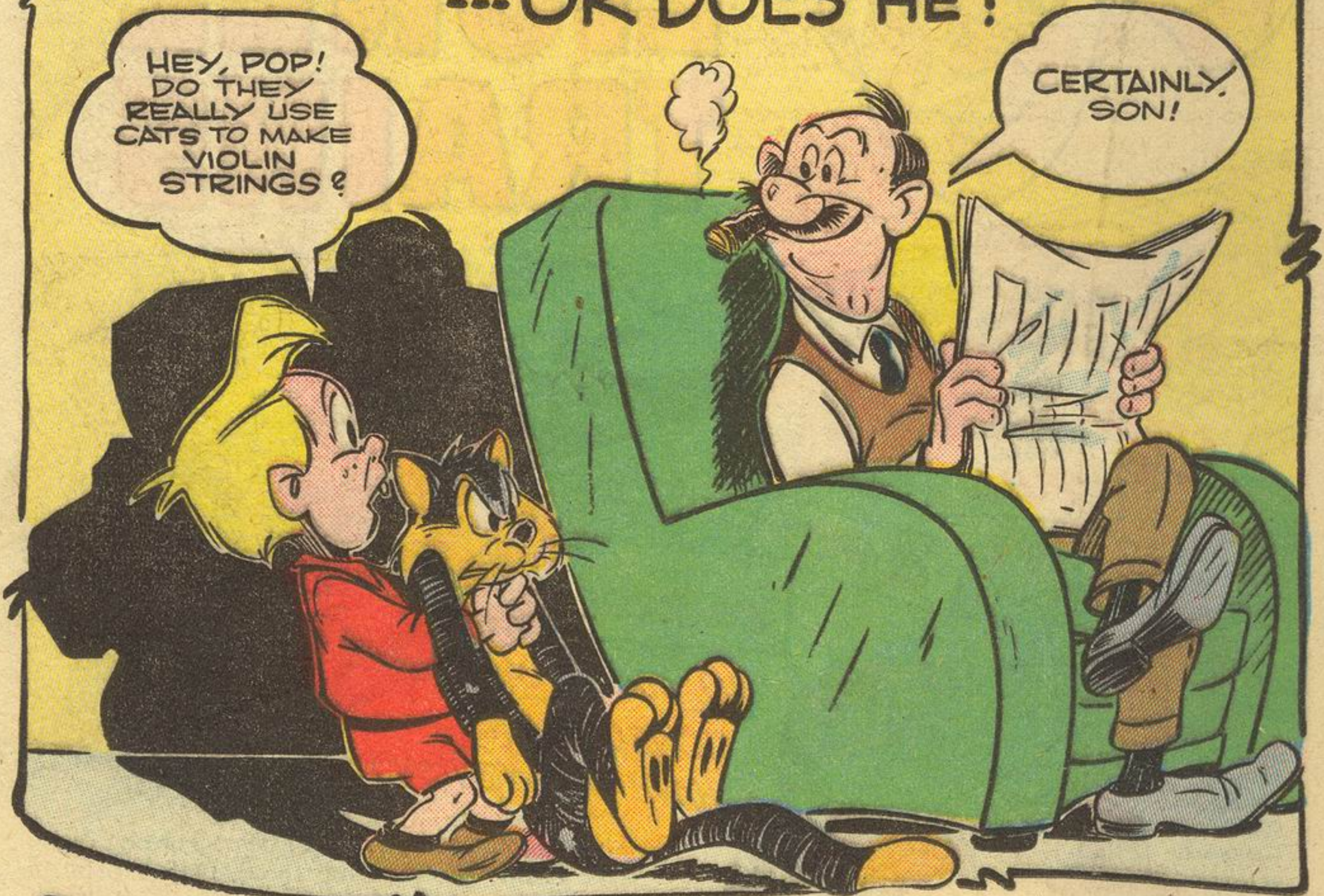
Address

City Zone State

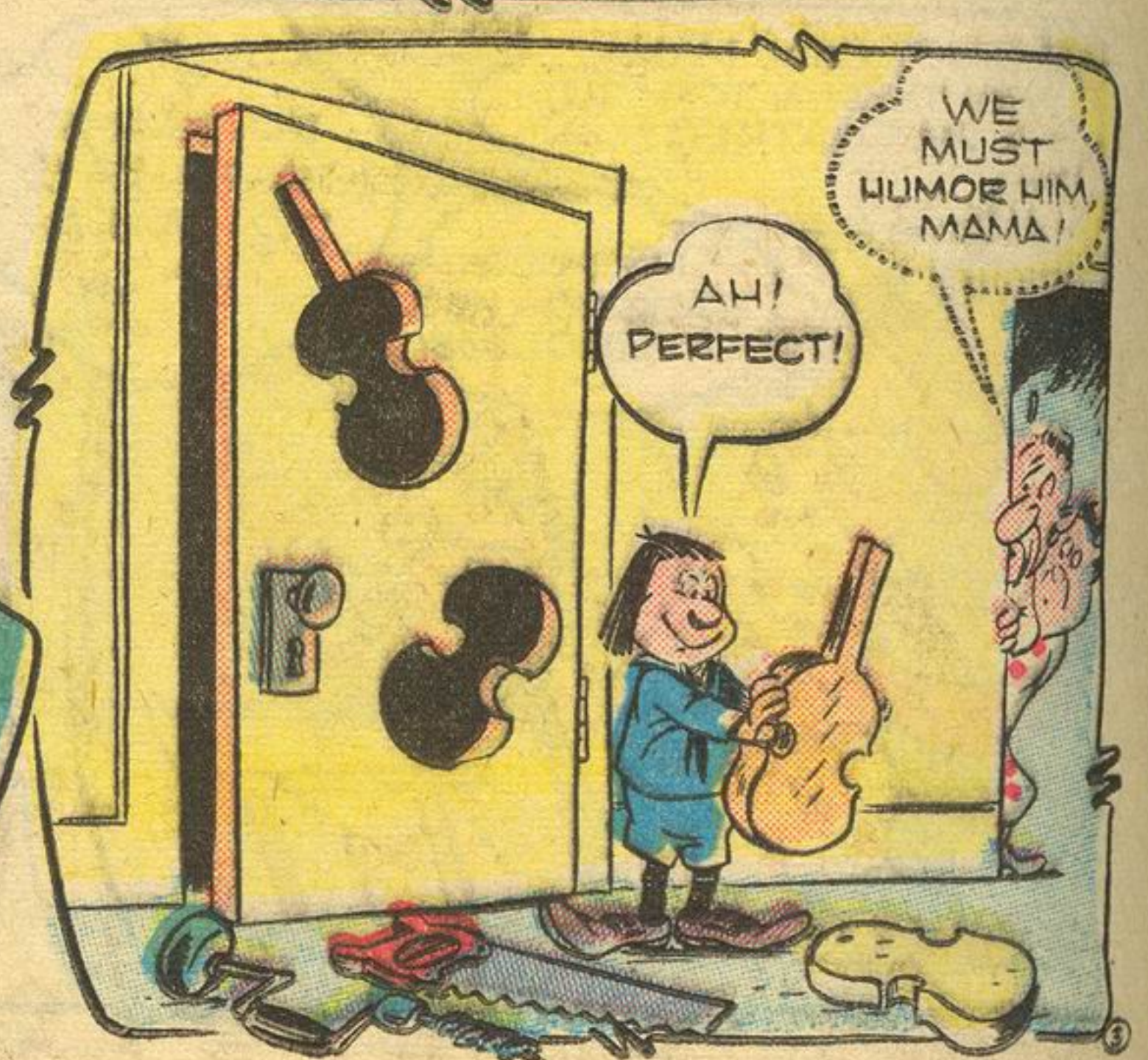
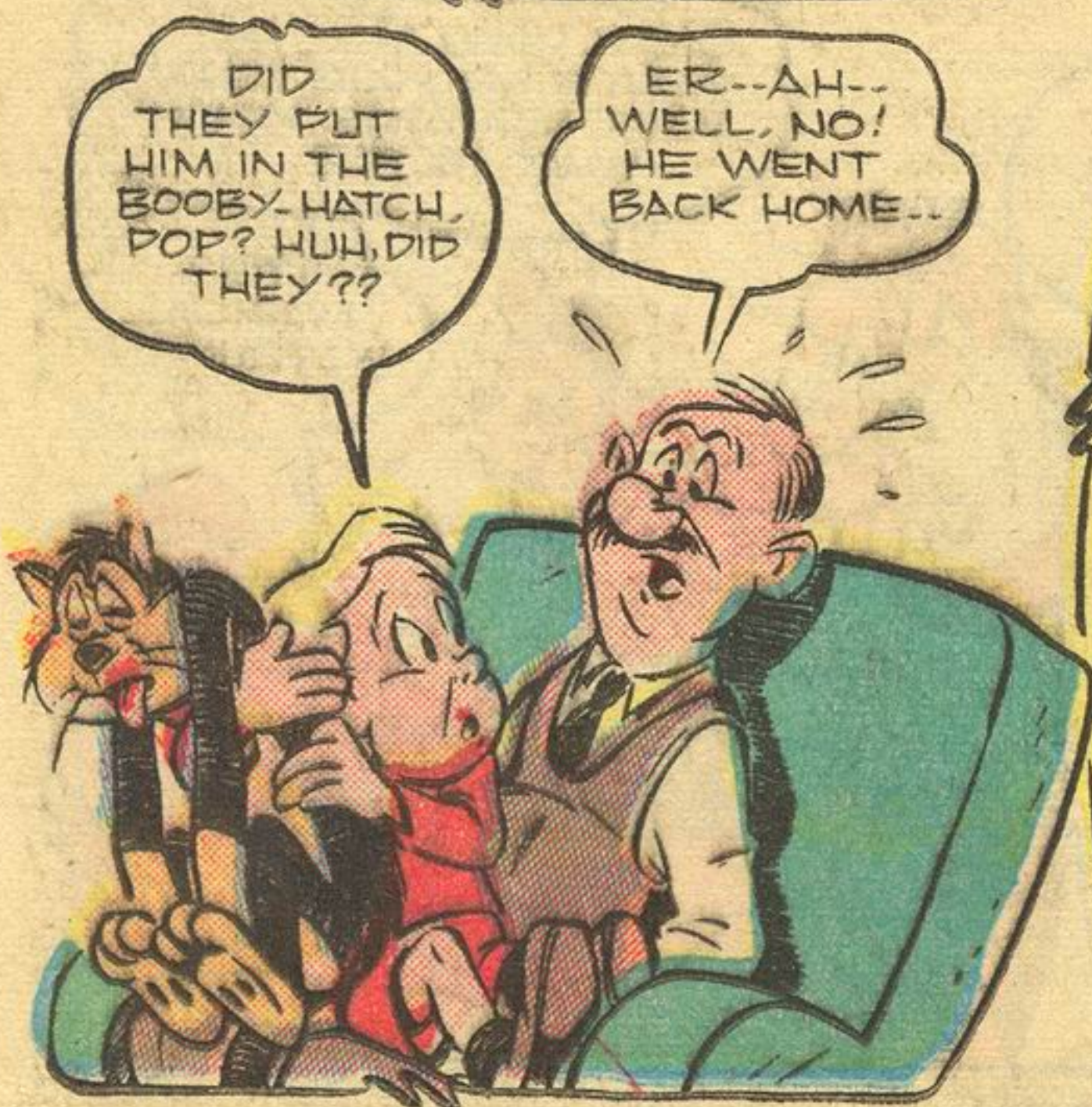
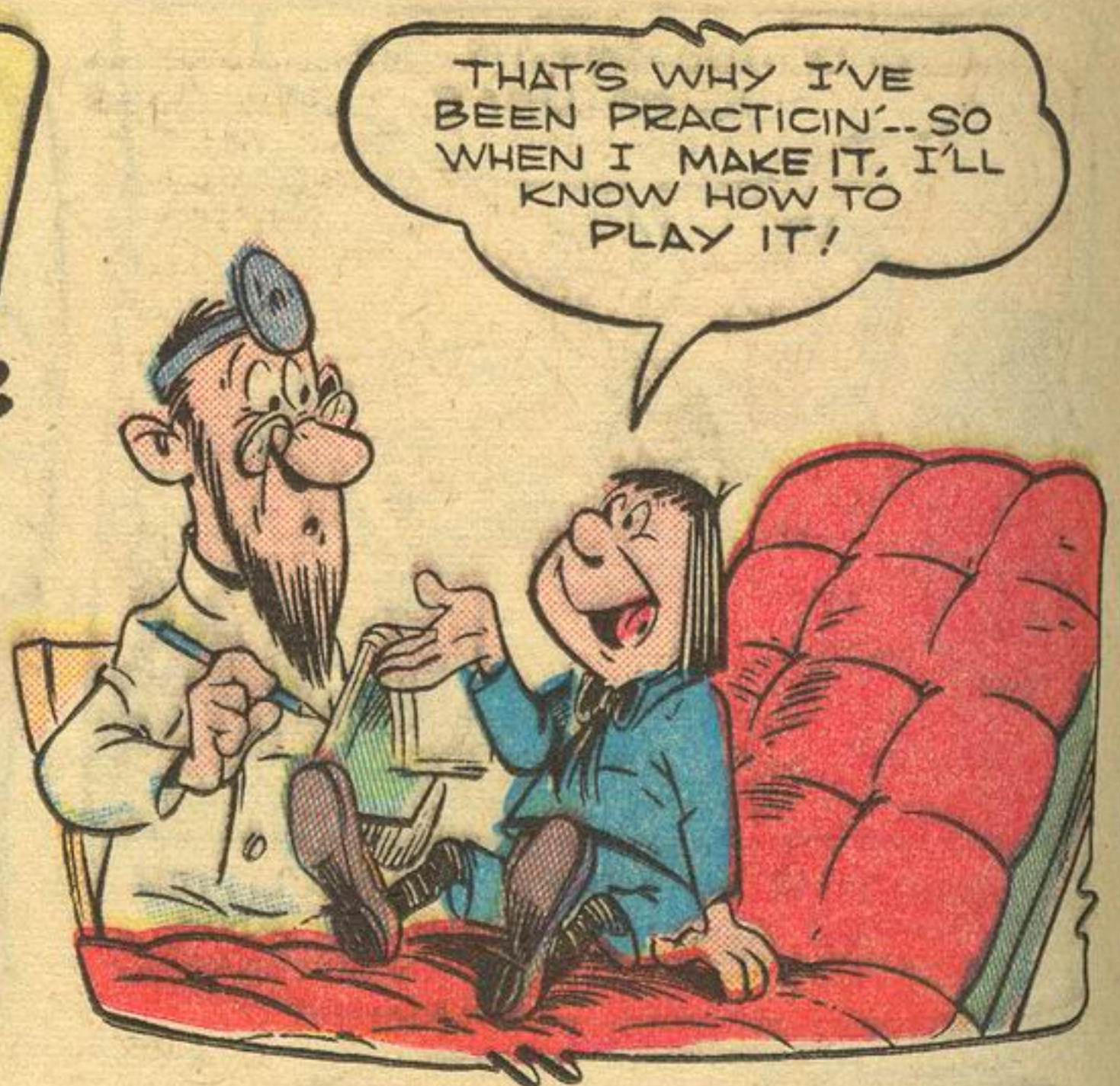
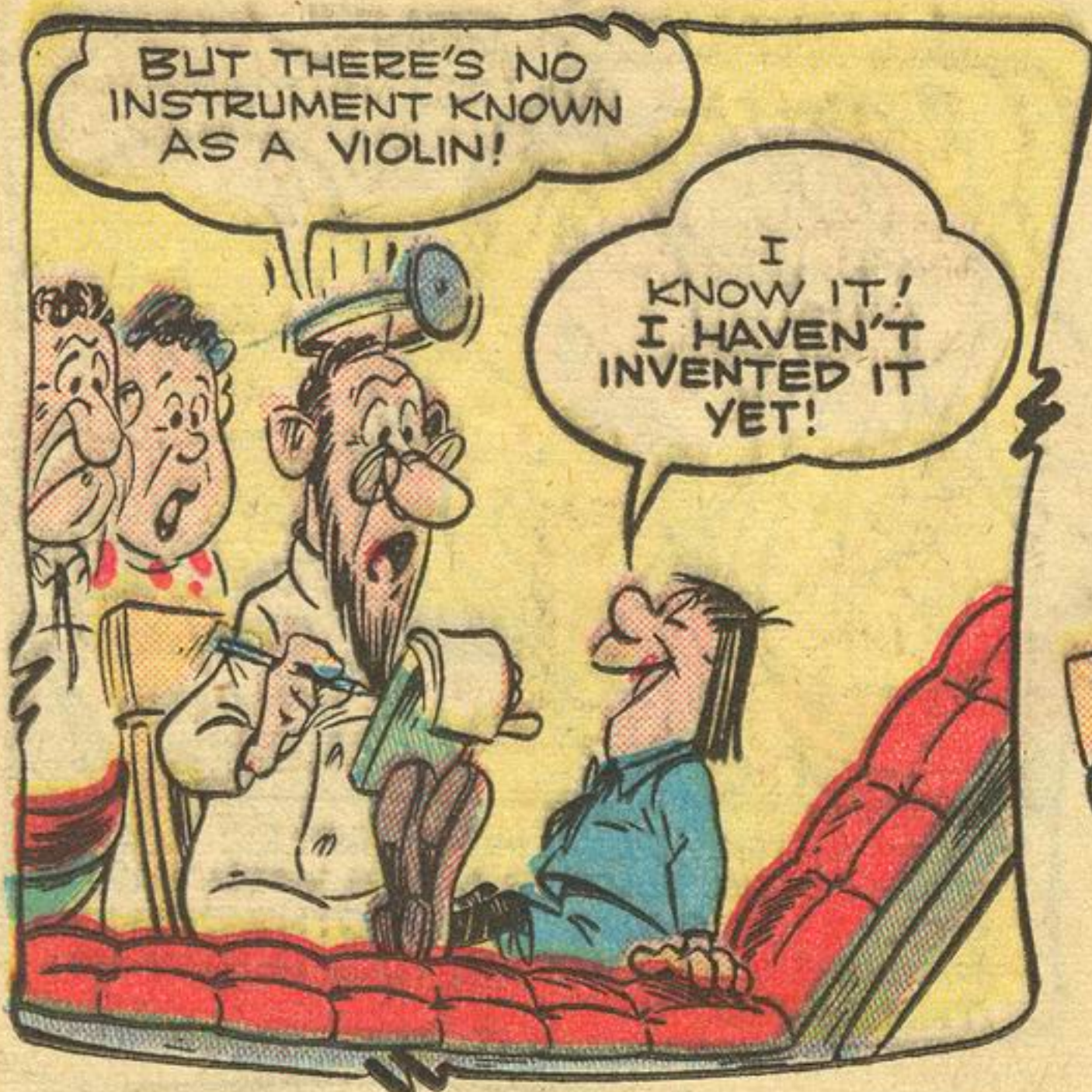


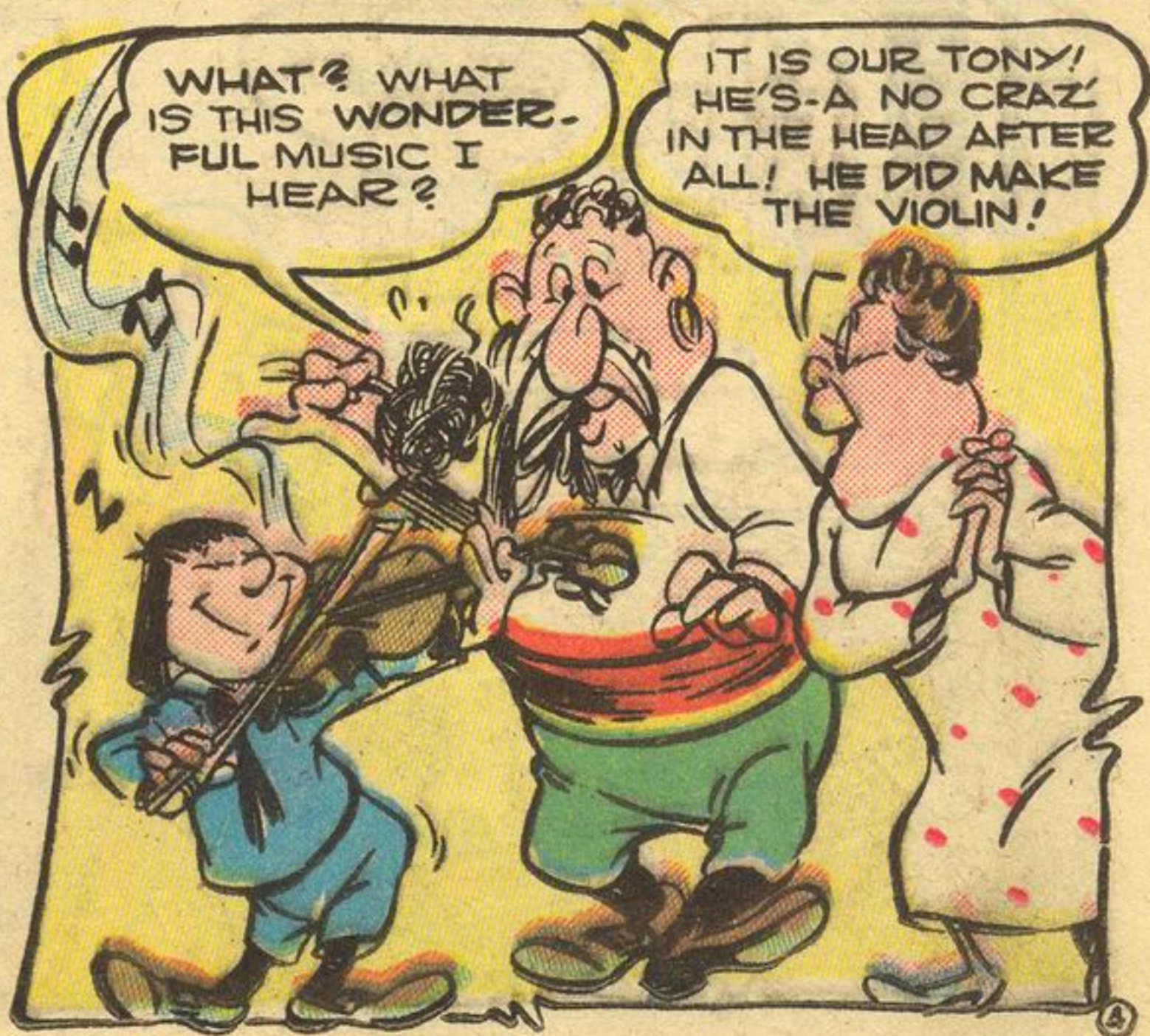
POP KNOWS

...OR DOES HE?

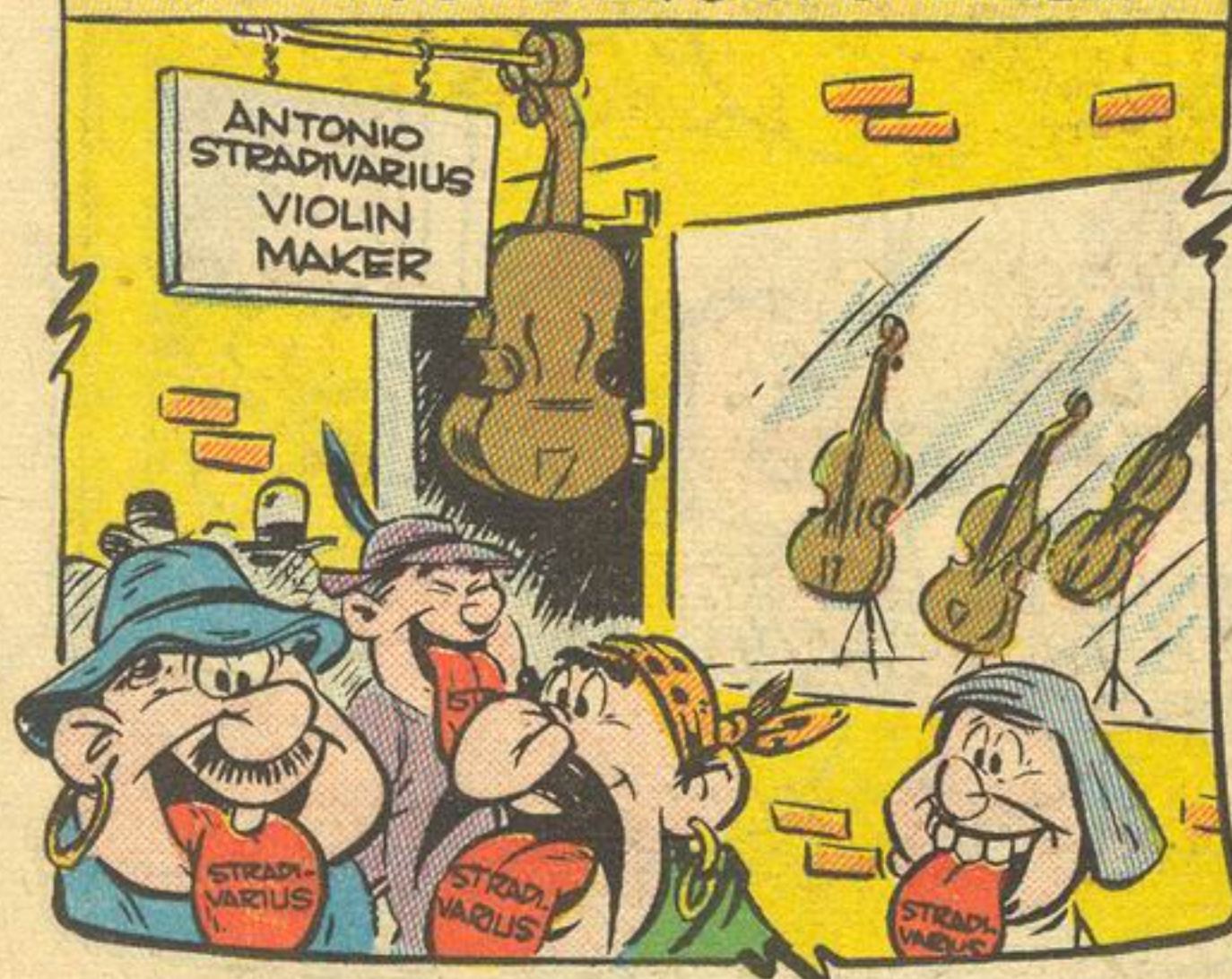








"SO, IN 1666, ANTONIO STRADIVARIUS MADE HIS FIRST VIOLIN! HIS FAME SPREAD FAR AND WIDE! PEOPLE FOR MILES AROUND WANTED ONE OF HIS VIOLINS! HIS NAME WAS ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE!"



MY NAME IS PETRILLO! I HAVE A GREAT IDEA FOR A MUSICIANS' CLUB!

I'M SENOR MARCONI! I'M GOING TO INVENT A WIRELESS SO ALL THE WORLD CAN HEAR YOUR VIOLIN!

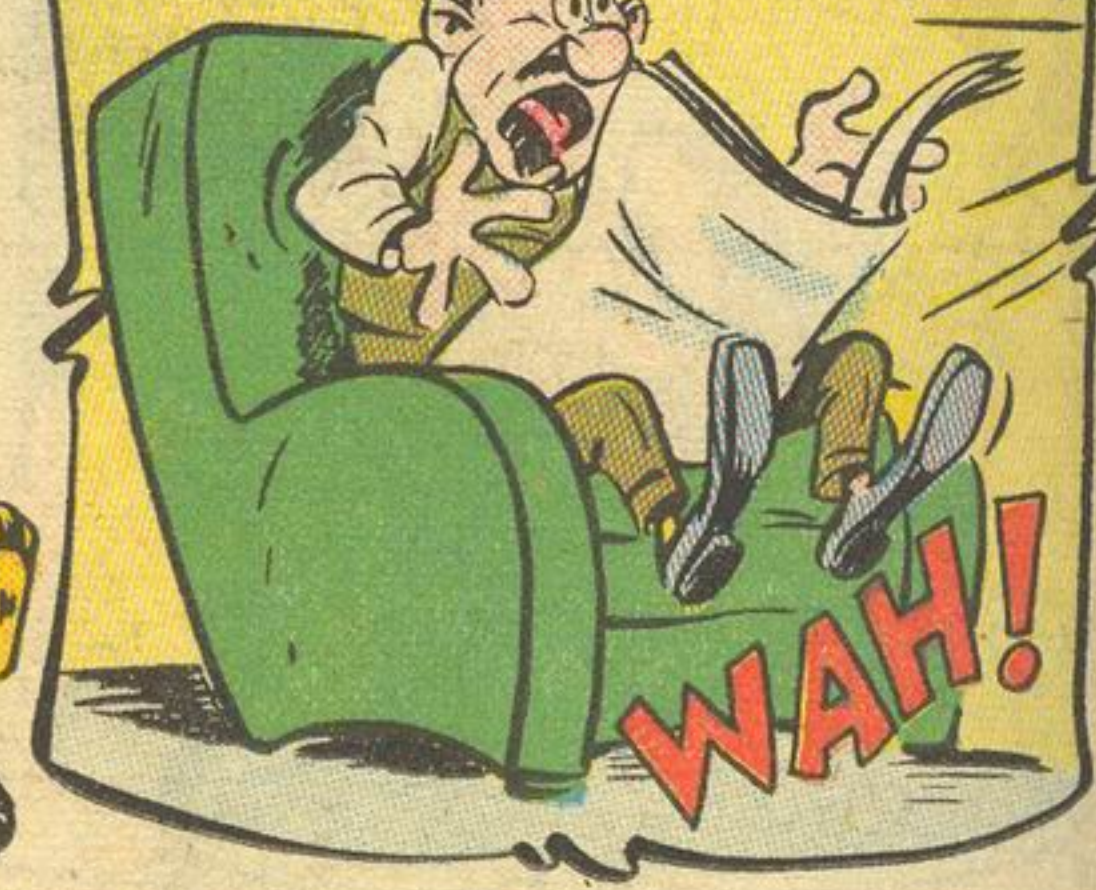


-- AN' THAT'S THE STORY OF THE VIOLIN! NOW GO OUTSIDE AN' PLAY AN' LET ME READ MY PAPER!

GEE, POP, YOU'RE SURE SMART! YOU KNOW EVERYTHING! --C'MON, KITTY!

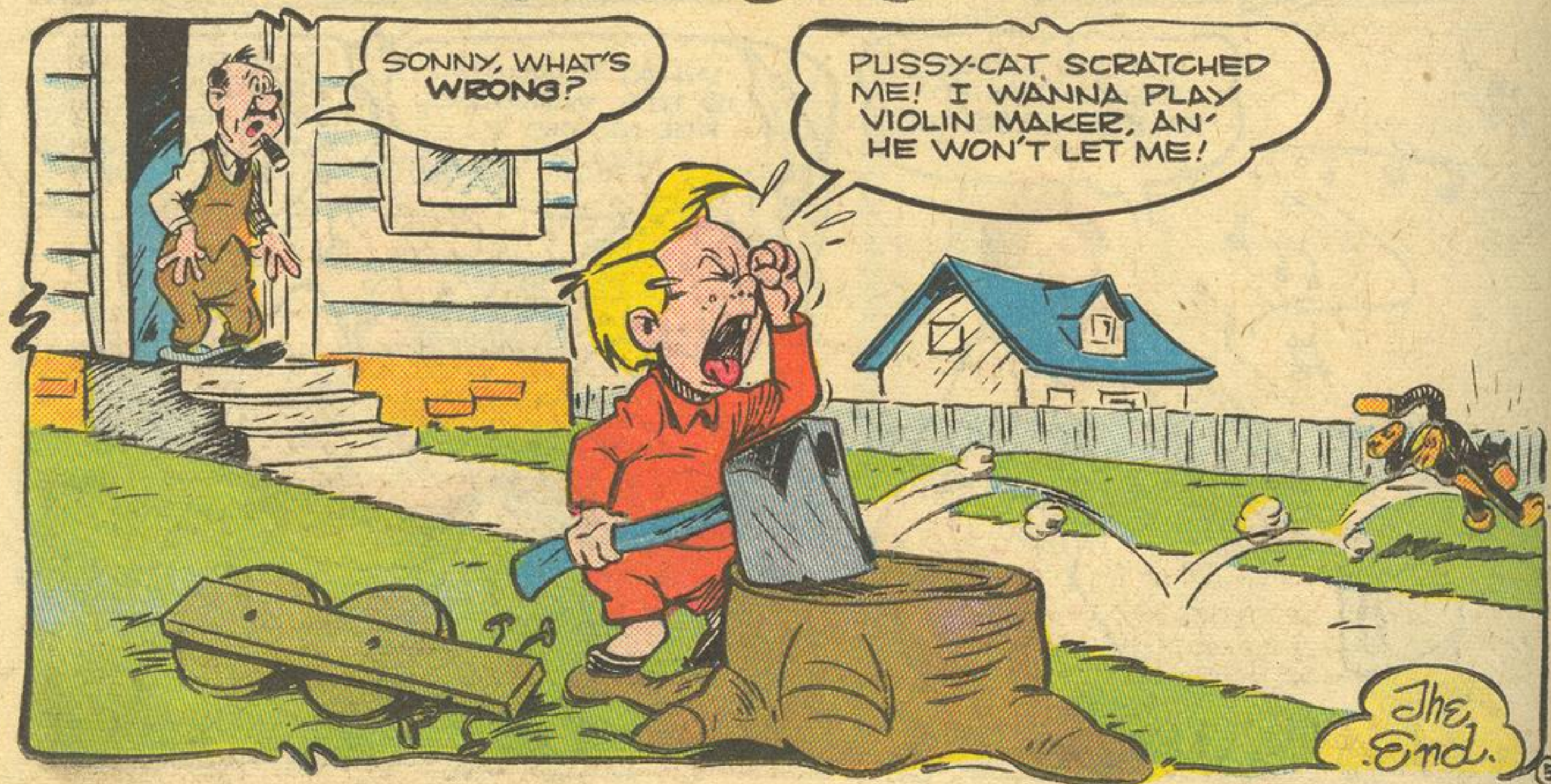


YEEOWWW! FFFTT!! FFT!



SONNY, WHAT'S WRONG?

PUSSY-CAT SCRATCHED ME! I WANNA PLAY VIOLIN MAKER, AN' HE WON'T LET ME!



The End.

Announcing

OPERATION: PERIL



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ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

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FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
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NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

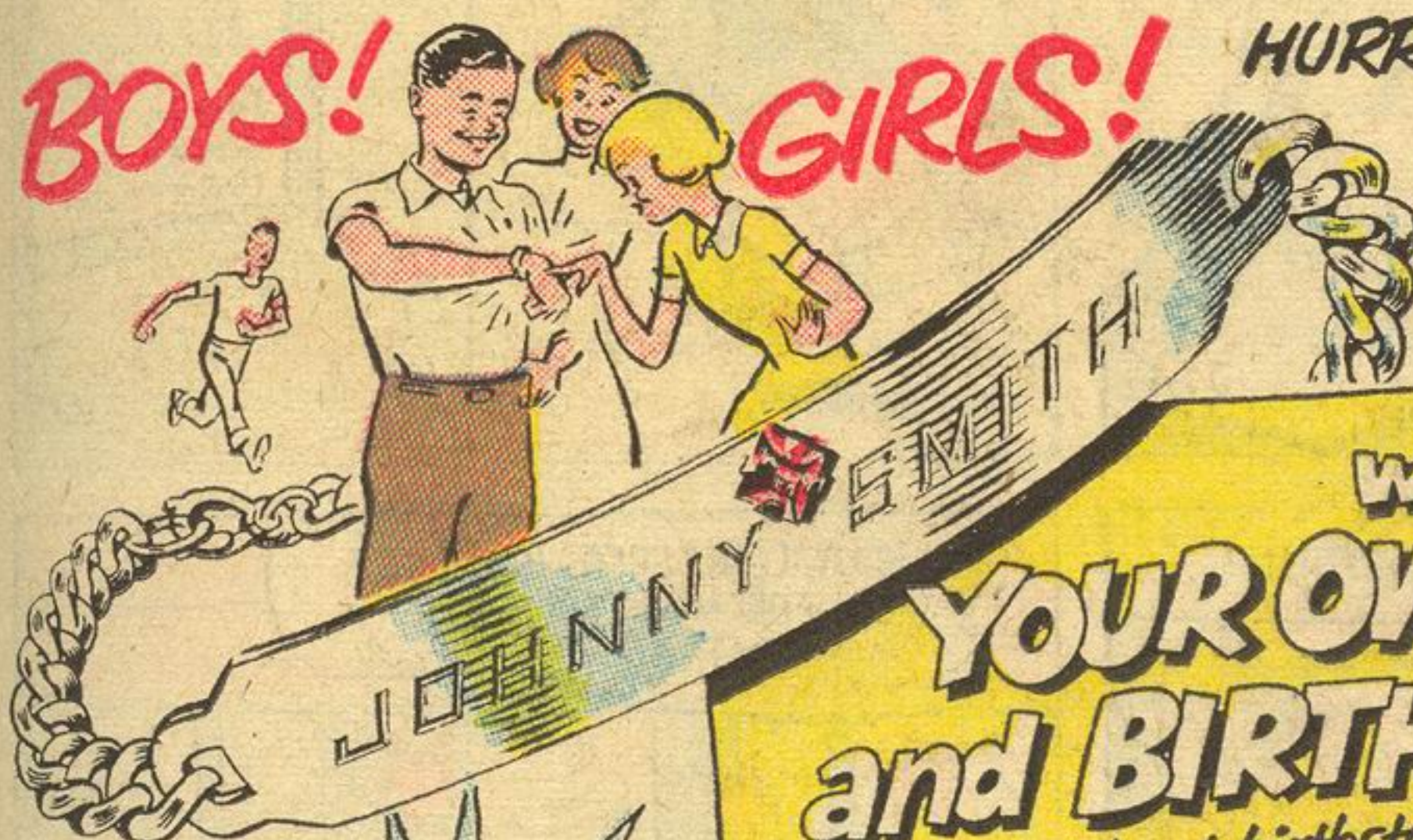
OPERATION: PERIL

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STANDS

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**with
YOUR OWN NAME
and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

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and send it in with 25¢ and beautiful bracelet finished in
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Please Print information below and send to:
Smith Brothers, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.

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Address

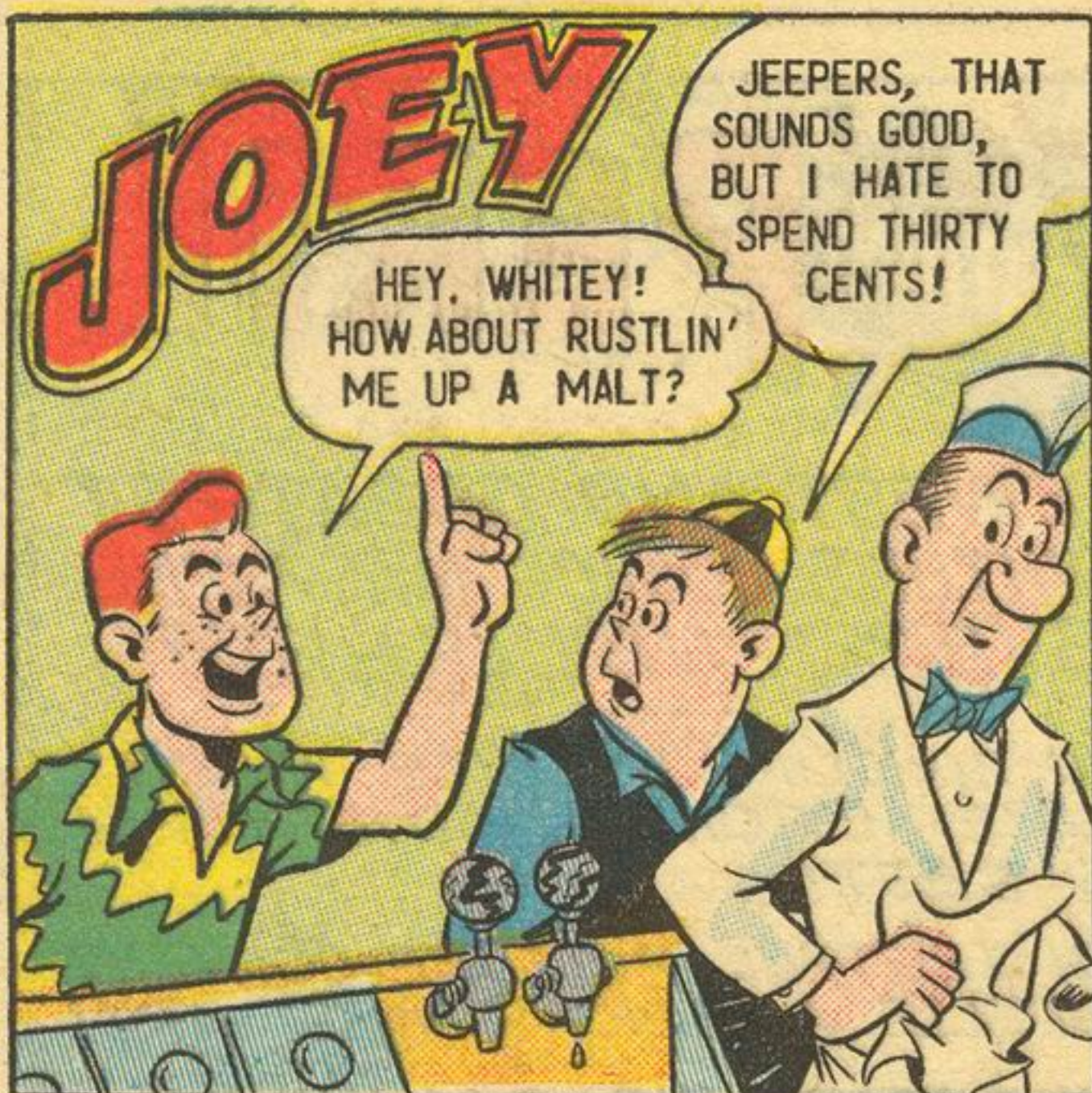
City Zone State

Do you want birthstone? Yes ☐ No ☐

If Yes, give month of birth

NAME FOR BRACELET

Wrist Size large ☐ small ☐



There's **NO PLACE** *like* **HOME**

IT WAS A dreary, miserable evening. The rain smacked against the windowpanes and the wind made sighing sounds in the branches of the trees. But, inside, all was snug and cozy. Yes, the O'Toole living room was indeed a happy haven. There was only one thing wrong with it... the noise!

For want of something better to do, Cookie O'Toole and his pal Jitterbuck Jones were rehearsing on the good old drums and a trombone, and a deafening roar, distinctly unmusical, filled the room. Pop O'Toole, who had re-read the same sentence in his newspaper seven times, and still could make no sense of it, was furious. Mom O'Toole, who could hardly hear herself think, was quietly going out of her mind.

"Hit those skins!" Cookie was shouting happily, as Jit brought his sticks down with a mighty thumping.

Mr. O'Toole, who could not stand it one moment longer, suddenly rose to his feet and shouted, "Boys! Boys!" The din died out as Cookie and Jit eyed him curiously. "Why don't you two go somewhere? Anywhere! Far away!"

Mrs. O'Toole, with more tact than her husband, said sweetly, "Why don't you go upstairs to the attic? There are lots of old things up there and you could have fun looking at them."

A trifle hurt, but interested in the attic idea, the boys rose and abandoned their instruments. As they climbed up towards the attic, Cookie said, "There's an old trunk up there, Jit. I always

wanted ta see what was in it!"

The trunk, a very old-fashioned affair of canvas, with leather straps, stood in the far corner of the attic. Cookie opened it and peered curiously inside. "Hey, here's a pack of letters," he said.

"Let's see 'em," Jit held out his hand. "They might be historical documents or somethin' valuable!"

As he scanned the first letter, Jit's face filled with merriment. "Boy-oh-boy, Cook, listen to this! It's a love letter written by your pop to some dream-beam, a long time ago!"

Cookie listened entranced as Jit read aloud, "And so, my darling Gloria, when I think of you, I hear sweet music. Your eyes are pools of mystery, full of hidden promises. Your hair is a perfumed cloud. I see your face before me as I write to tell you that I adore you, worship you, love you as I shall never love again!"

"Hey, sounds like Pop really meant it!" Cookie said.

"I should say it does!" Mrs. O'Toole's angry voice broke in. "I have never been so humiliated in my life. To think that you, my own husband, should be in love with another woman!"

"But, dear, you don't understand," Mr. O'Toole protested. "I wrote those letters years ago..."

His voice trailed off, since Mrs. O'Toole, sobbing, had run down the steps and left him talking to himself.

"Oh, great!" Pop groaned, as the boys looked at him sympathetically.

tically. "This means war, Cookie. You know your mother. Once she gets an idea into her head, it's mighty hard to change her mind. This means war!" Mr. O'Toole was right. From that very moment, the household was an impossible place to live in. Mom would not speak to Pop. When she had something important to say, she would send Cookie with a message.

To make matters worse, if possible, Mom refused to cook any longer, saying that Mr. O'Toole could get his meals in the diner, if he chose. The house was untended and tempers were short. Things were pretty bad in the O'Toole household!

Finally, Cookie could stand it no longer. He had to do something about it. All attempts to explain to his mother had been in vain, since she would only burst into tears and mutter "*Gloria Flower*", with the greatest scorn and contempt.

As a last resort, Cookie called a meeting of the gang and explained the problem. "I tell ya, kids, it's awful!" he said, as the gang listened attentively. "Isn't there *some way* to make Mom see the light?"

Angelpuss Witherspoon, a thoughtful frown contracting her pretty face, rose and said, "The trouble with you is that you just don't understand women. Your mother really loves your dad, but she's *jealous*! She's so jealous, she doesn't even care that those letters were written years and years ago, before any of us were born. Now, I say that if we could *find* this Gloria Flower and your mother could *see* her, she would know how silly it is to be jealous!"

Cookie almost cheered. "That's a great idea, Angel!" he said. "I hereby appoint everybody here a member of the searching party for Gloria Flower!"

For the next few days, the hunt went on with unflagging effort. The gang covered every part of town they could think of, almost as though they were census takers. But no Miss Gloria Flower showed up, and Cookie's face got longer and longer at the dearth of good news.

It was Angelpuss Witherspoon again who had the inspiration. "There's *one* place I haven't checked yet!" she told Cookie. "The library! Remember the lady who runs the Reading Room there? Well, she knows *lots* of people, and..."

"I get it," answered Cookie, "she might give us a lead, eh?"

And so it was that Cookie and Angelpuss entered the library's reading room. There, seated behind a small desk, was a woman looking exactly like a horse.

"I beg your pardon," Angel said politely, "but do you, by any chance, know a Miss Gloria Flower?"

"Of course!" snapped the horse-faced one, revealing a set of over-long teeth. "I am Miss Gloria Flower!"

Twenty minutes later, Cookie came back with his mother in tow, a breathless, indignant Mrs. O'Toole, who saw no sense in the visit to the library. "Mom," Cookie gasped, "I want ya to meet a lady who's been very helpful to me... Miss Gloria Flower!"

Mrs. O'Toole examined her rival sharply and then, with a complacent, self-satisfied air, said, "It's very nice to meet you." Behind their backs, Cookie and Angel shook hands in silent congratulation.

"I believe I'll make some pie for dinner... your father *likes* blueberry pie," Mrs. O'Toole said on the way home. "I wonder whether there's time to have my hair and nails done..."

That evening, as Cookie and Angel made for the hammock on the porch of the O'Toole house, they saw that it was already occupied. Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole, nestled close together, were whispering little nothings to each other.

"Guess the hammock's been taken," Angelpuss said, smiling.

"We should worry!" Cookie answered gleefully. "Let's go down to the Soda Jerkerie... I want to treat the whole gang! Home's home again!"

COOKIE

ER...OF *COURSE* I THINK YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A FUR COAT LIKE OTHER WOMEN, MA...BUT I WOULDN'T WANNA SEE YOU LOOKIN' AS IF YOU WERE BEHIND AN *IRON CURTAIN*!

FURS

RUSSIAN
SABLE
\$2,000

OH-OH...THERE'S COOKIE AN' HIS EVER-LOVIN' ANGELPUSS AN' HER *MOM*! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' A *ROW*!... LET'S GO!

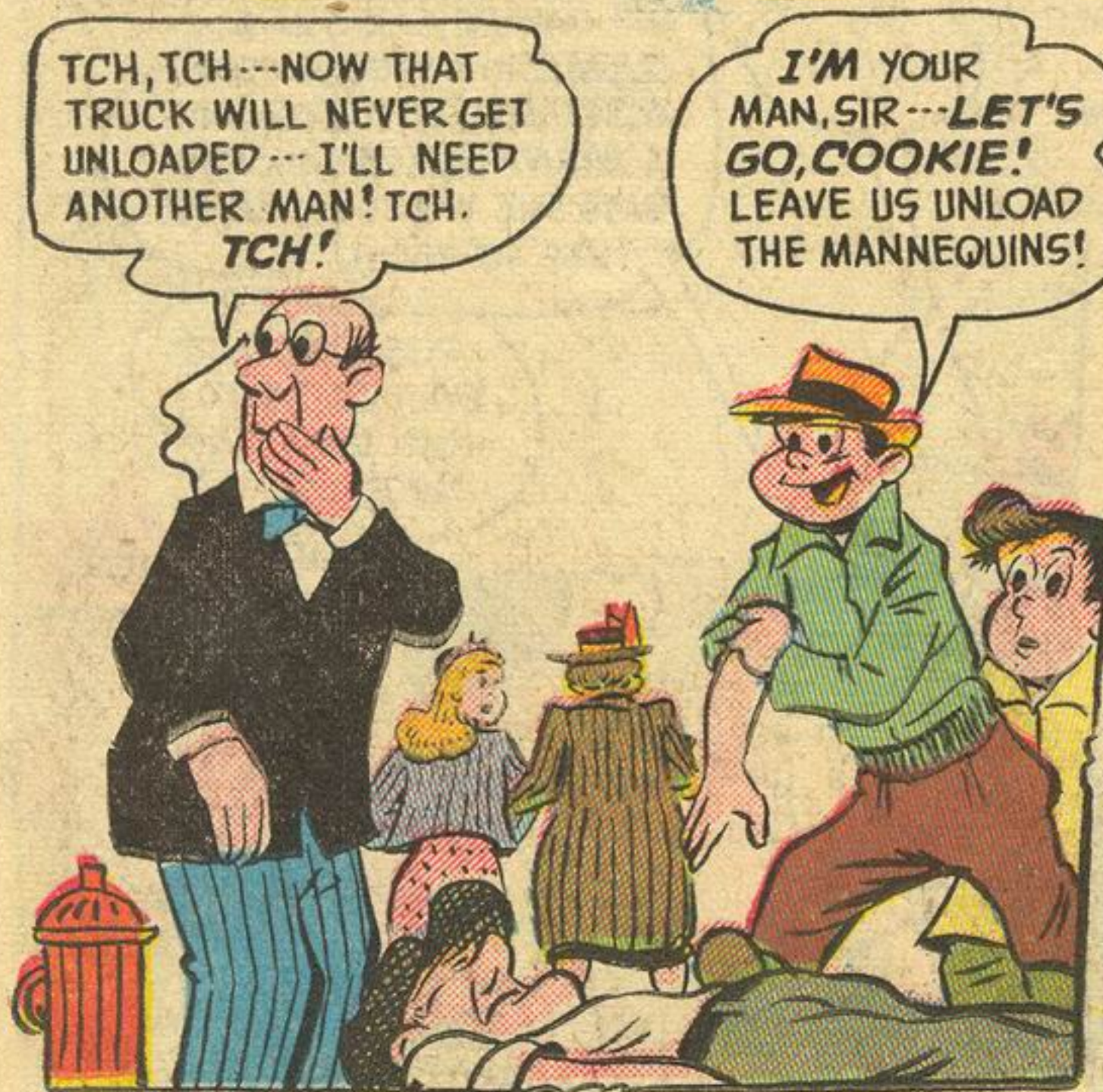
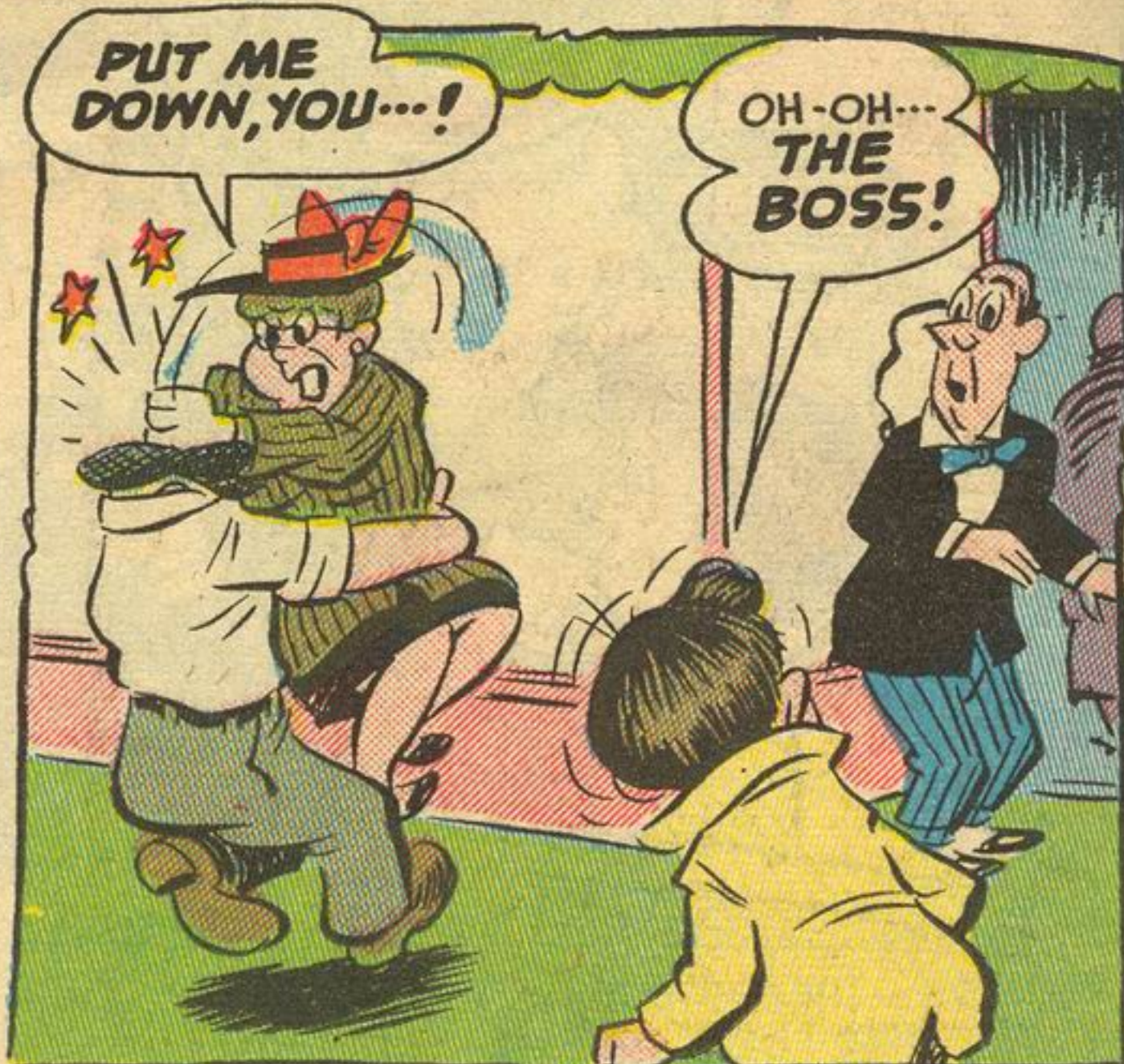
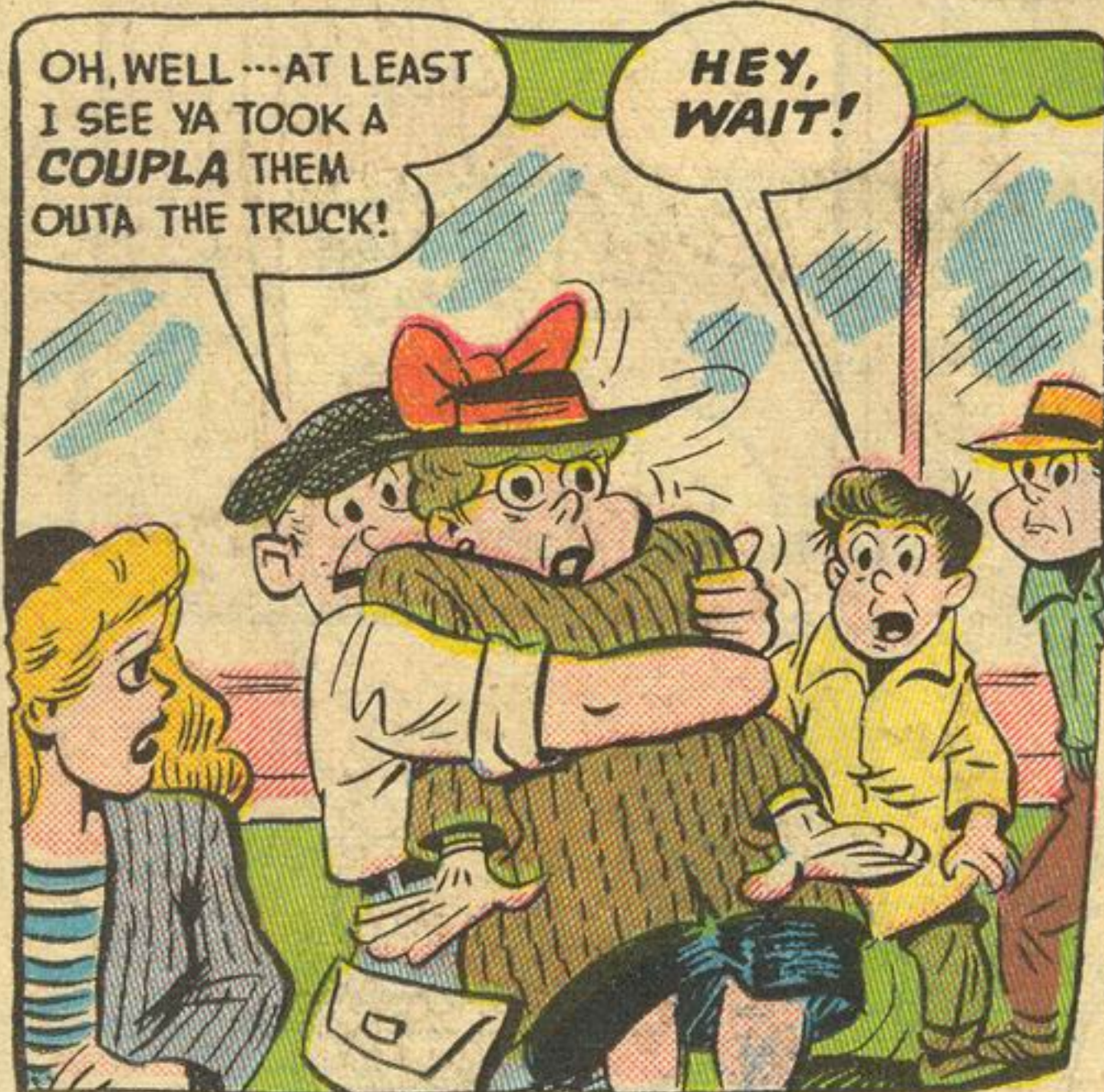
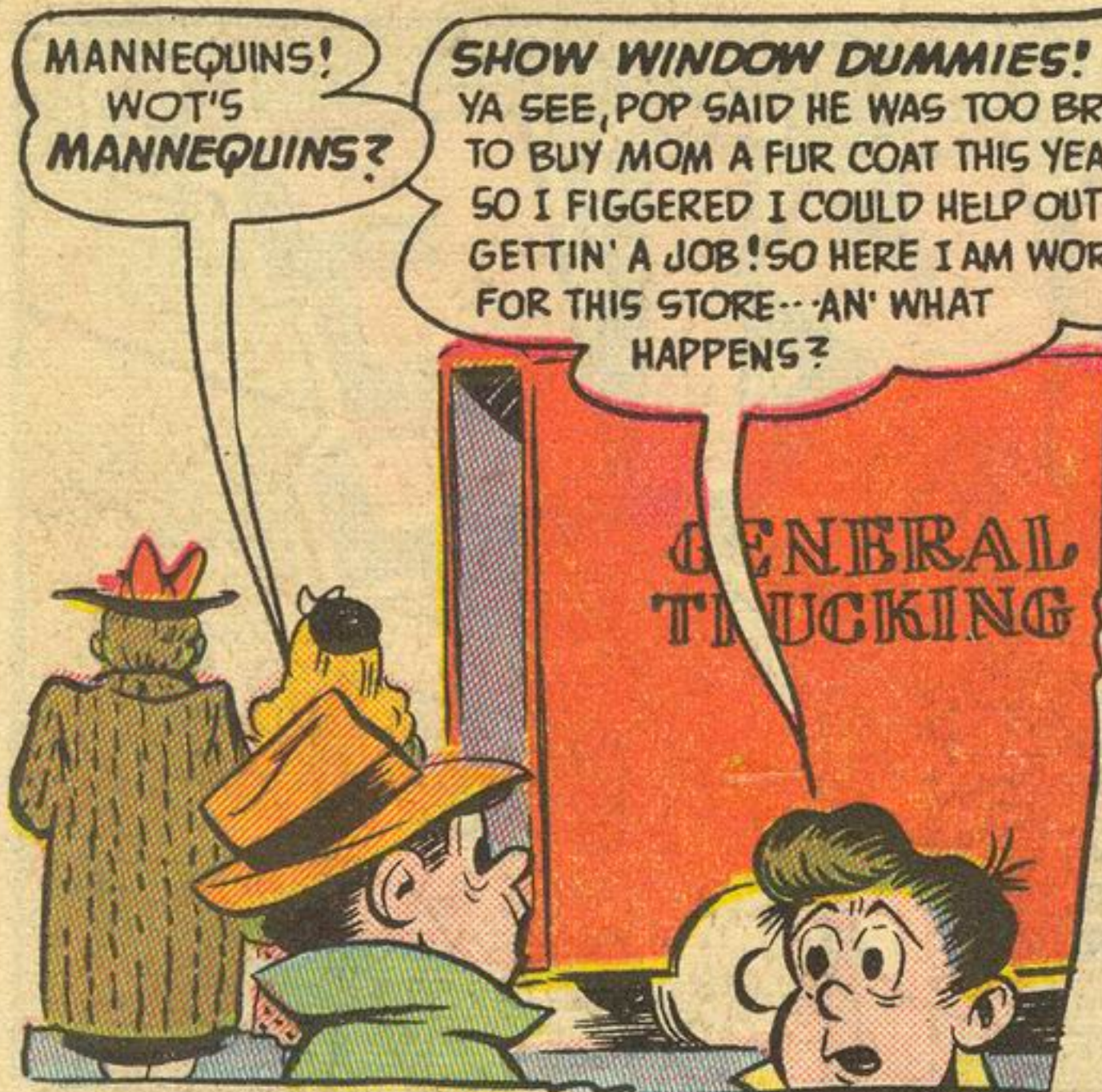
NOT *ME*, JITTER-BUCK! I WOULDN'T PLAY PEACE-MAKER WITH *THAT* OL' BATTLE-AXE! YOU CAN BUTT IN, BUT NOT ME!

ER...WOT'S UP, COOK?

AW, ANGEL'S MOM THINKS SHE SAW ME CARRYIN' A *DAME* IN MY ARMS...SHE WON'T BELIEVE IT WAS ONLY A *MANNEQUIN*! AN' SHE SAYS SHE WON'T LET ANGEL SEE ME AGAIN!

DON'T YOU DARE EVEN *LOOK* AT HIM! TURN AROUND!

SODA
JERKERIE



YESSIR...ALL MY LIFE, I
BEEN ALLERGIC TA **LABOR!**
IN ALL SHAPES AN' FORMS! IF
IT'S TOIL, I BOIL! ---IT'S A
JOKE, SON, GET IT?

YEAH ---HA-HA!
BUT IF WE WANNA GET
ANYPLACE WITH THIS
JOB, WE GOTTA **PITCH**
IN! WORK LIKE A
TEAM, SEE?

STOCK
ROOM

So... OKAY, JITTERBUCK... **GRAB**
ONE! I'LL KEEP
UNLOADING!

RIGHTO,
M'BOY!

GENER
TRUCK

LET'S
GO,
BABE!

CRASH!

?

WOT
HAPPENED?

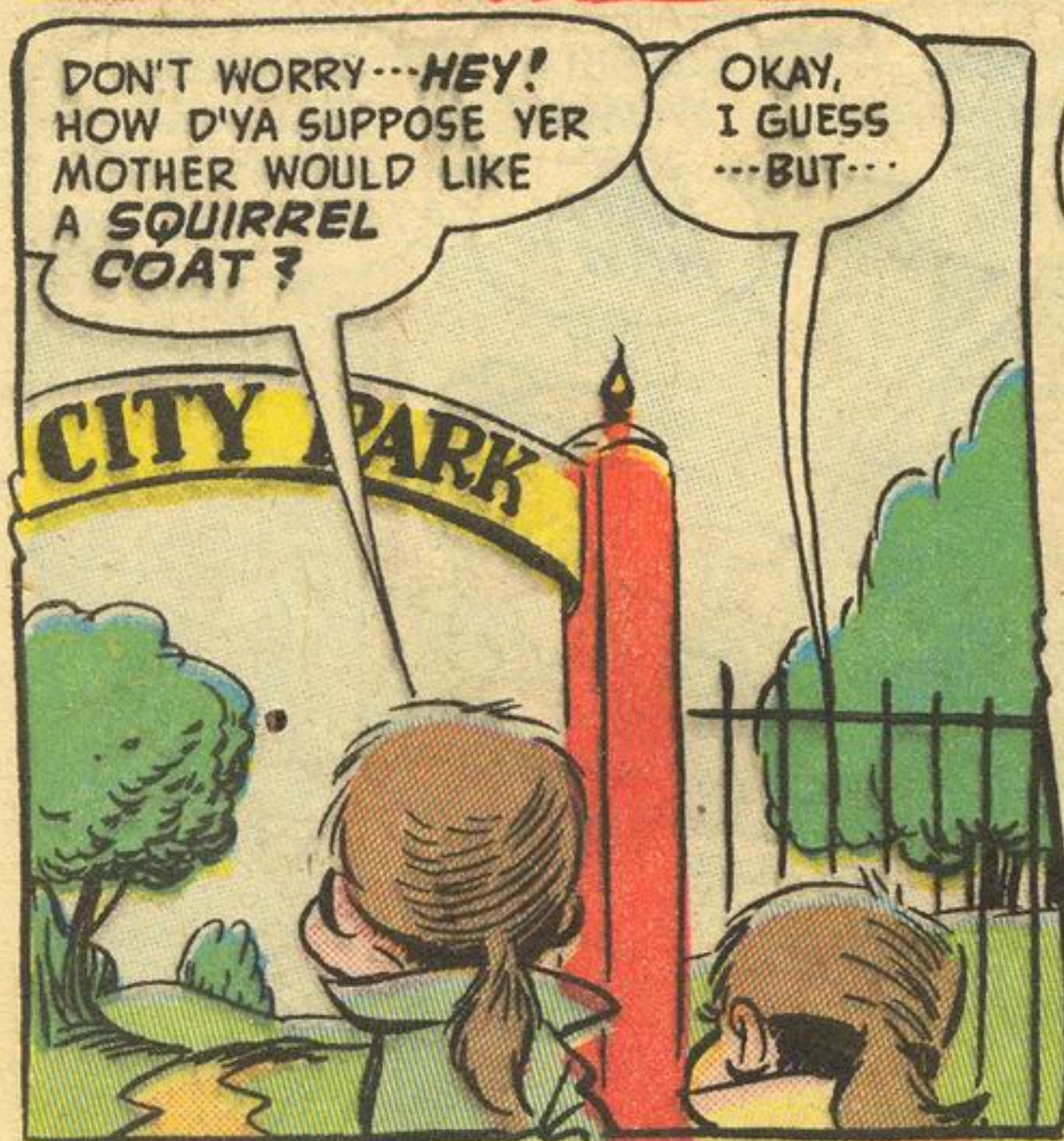
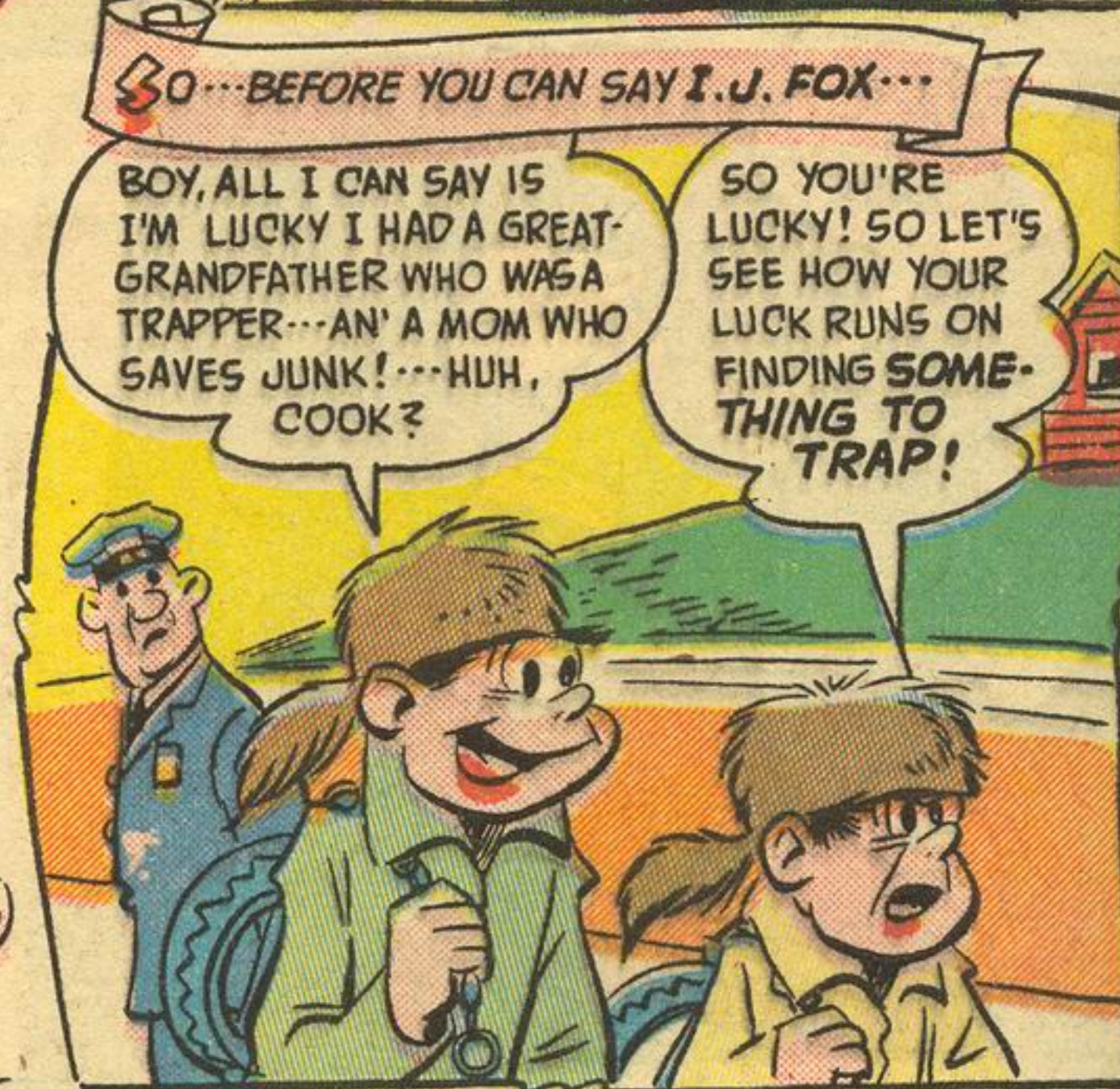
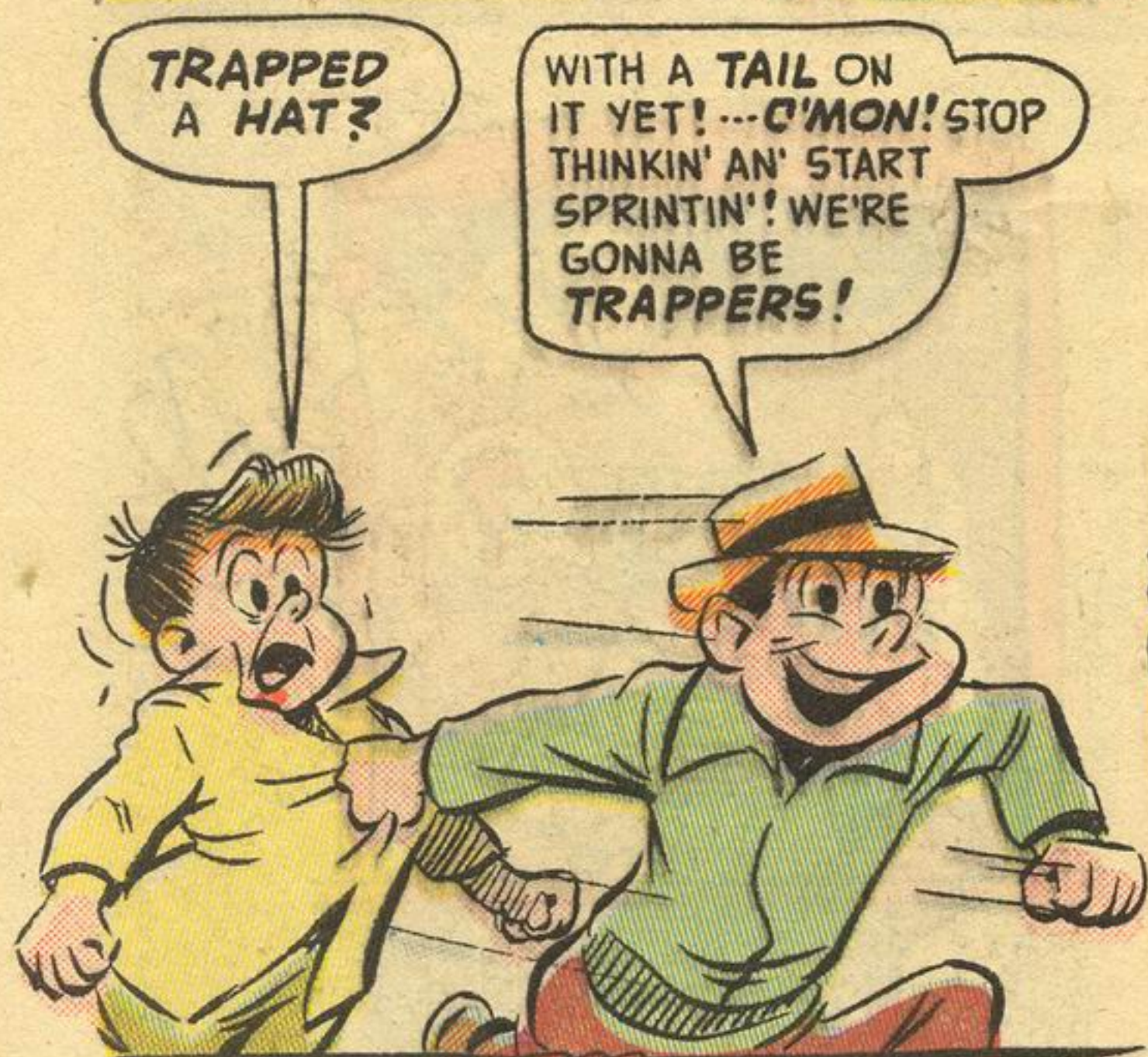
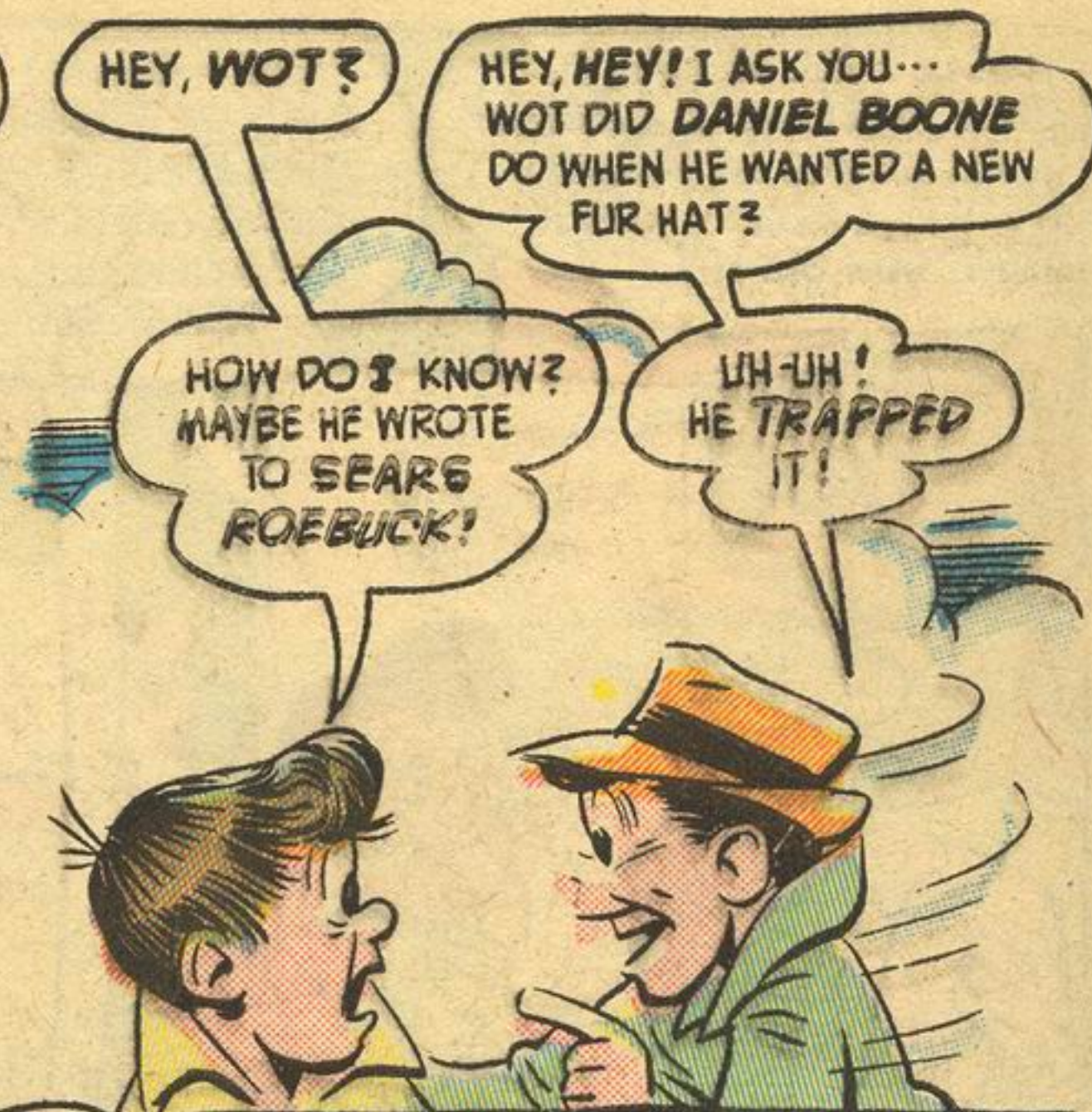
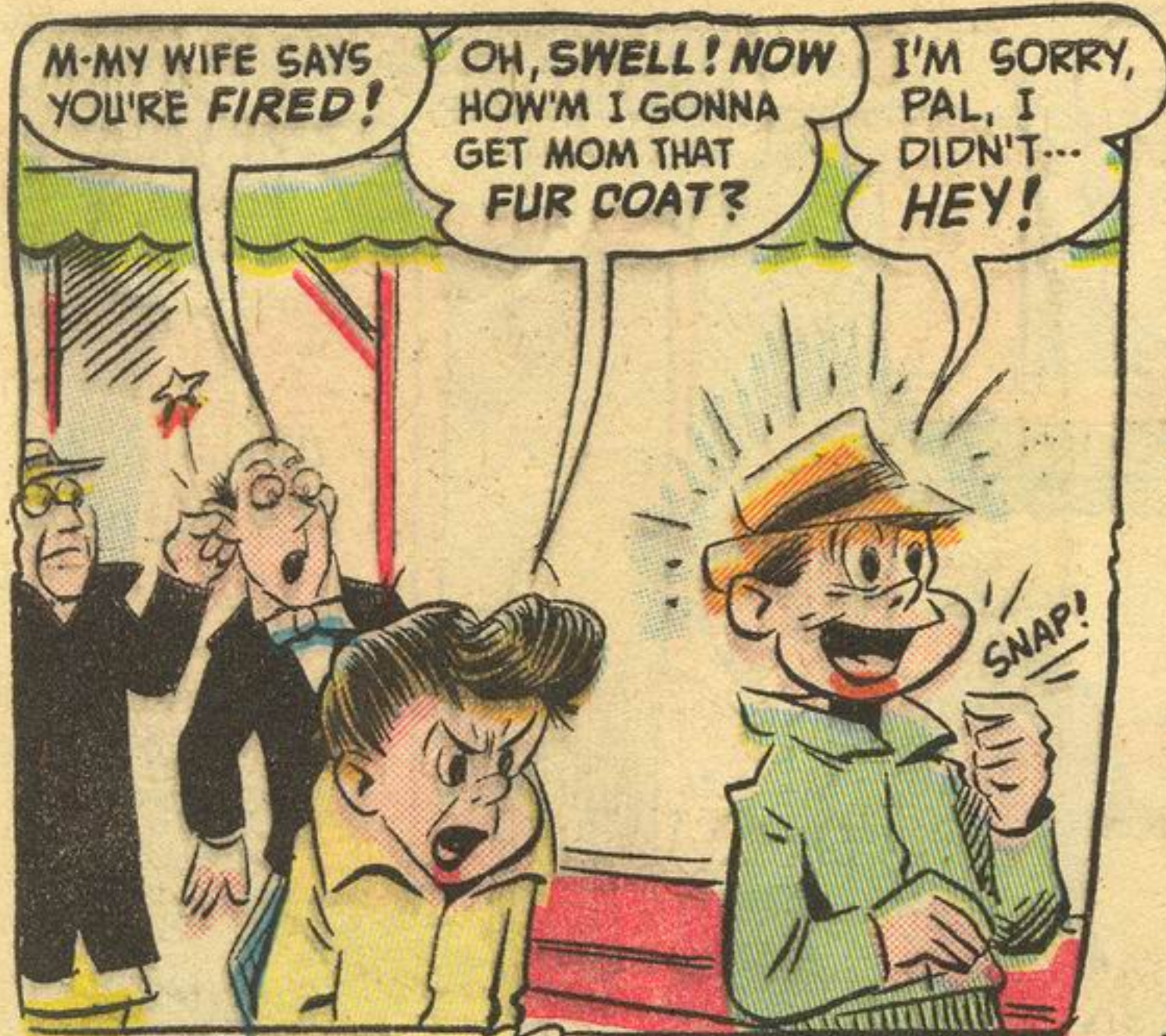
THE DUMMY
SOCKED ME!

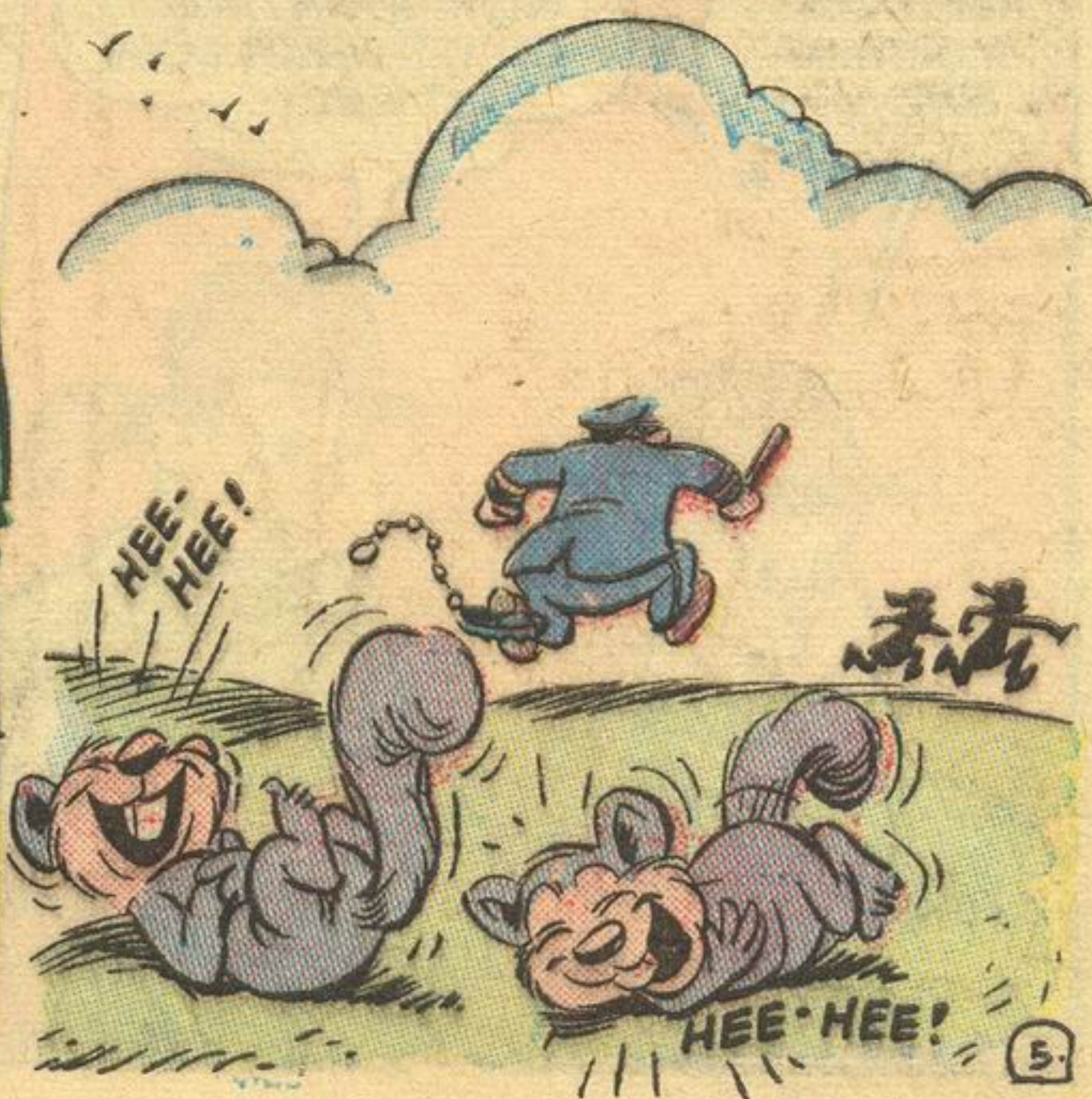
QUIT KIDDIN',
JIT...A MANNEQUIN
COULDN'T DO
THAT!

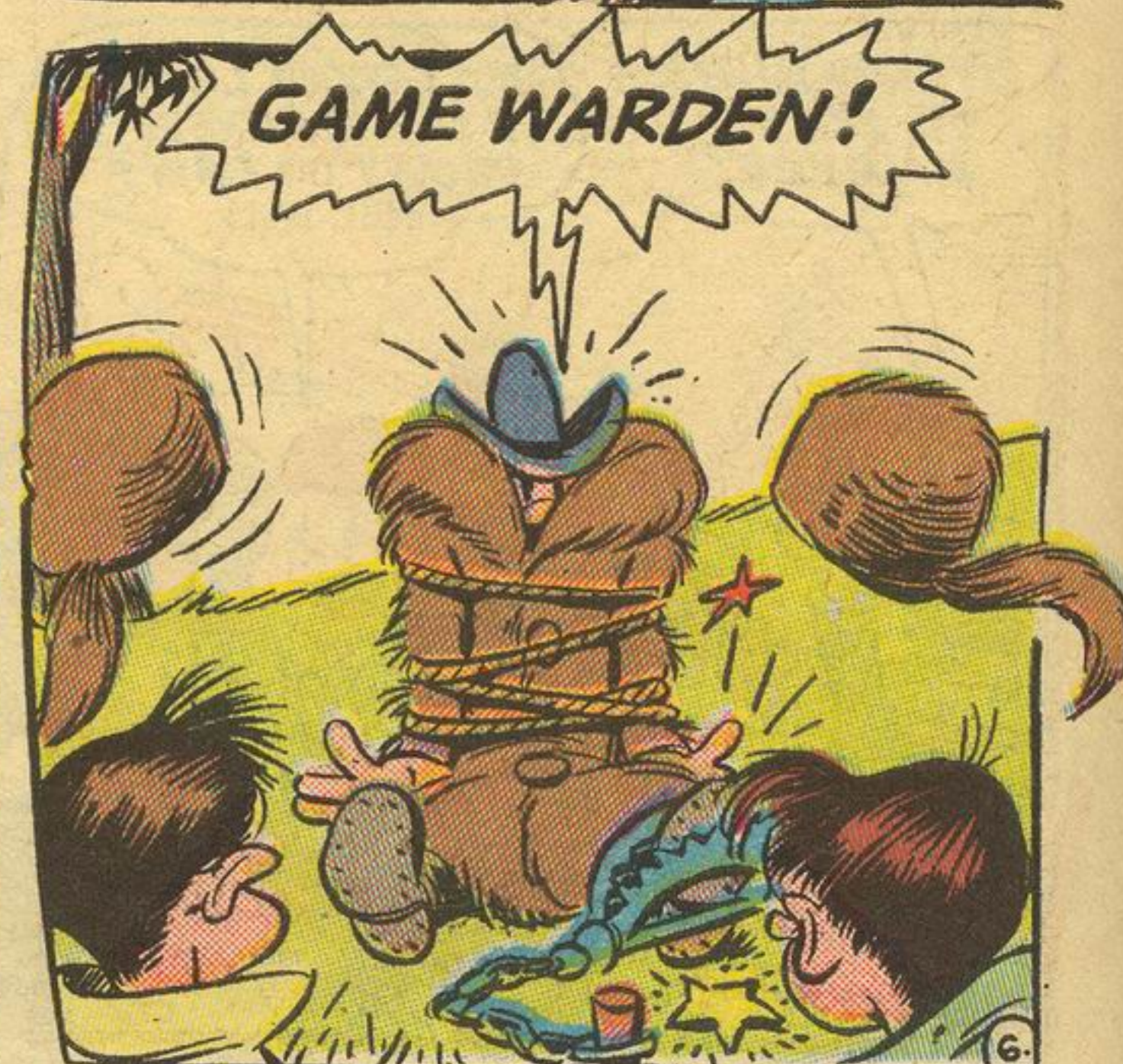
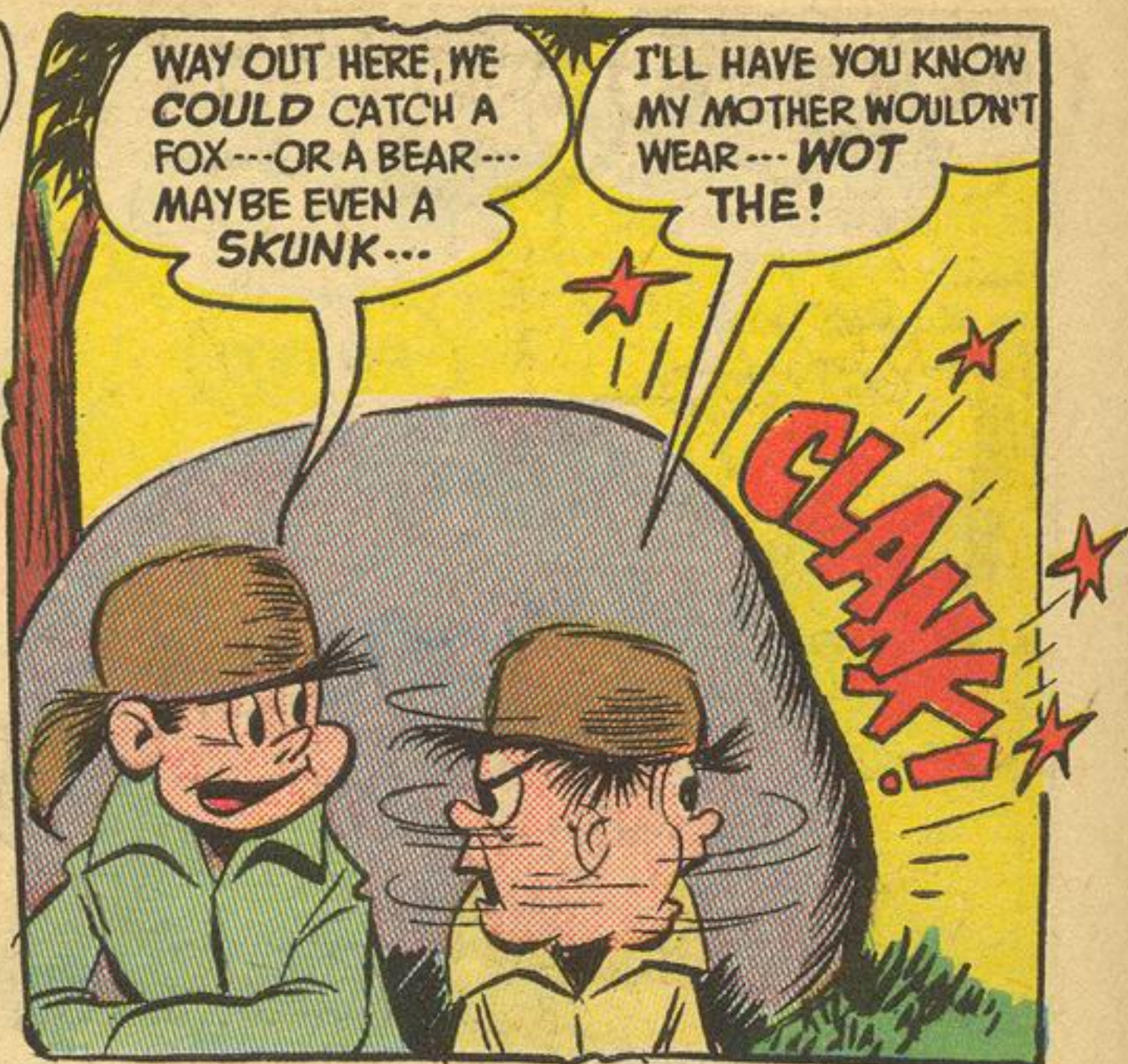
NO, BUT A
WOMAN
KIN...
HAW-
HAW!

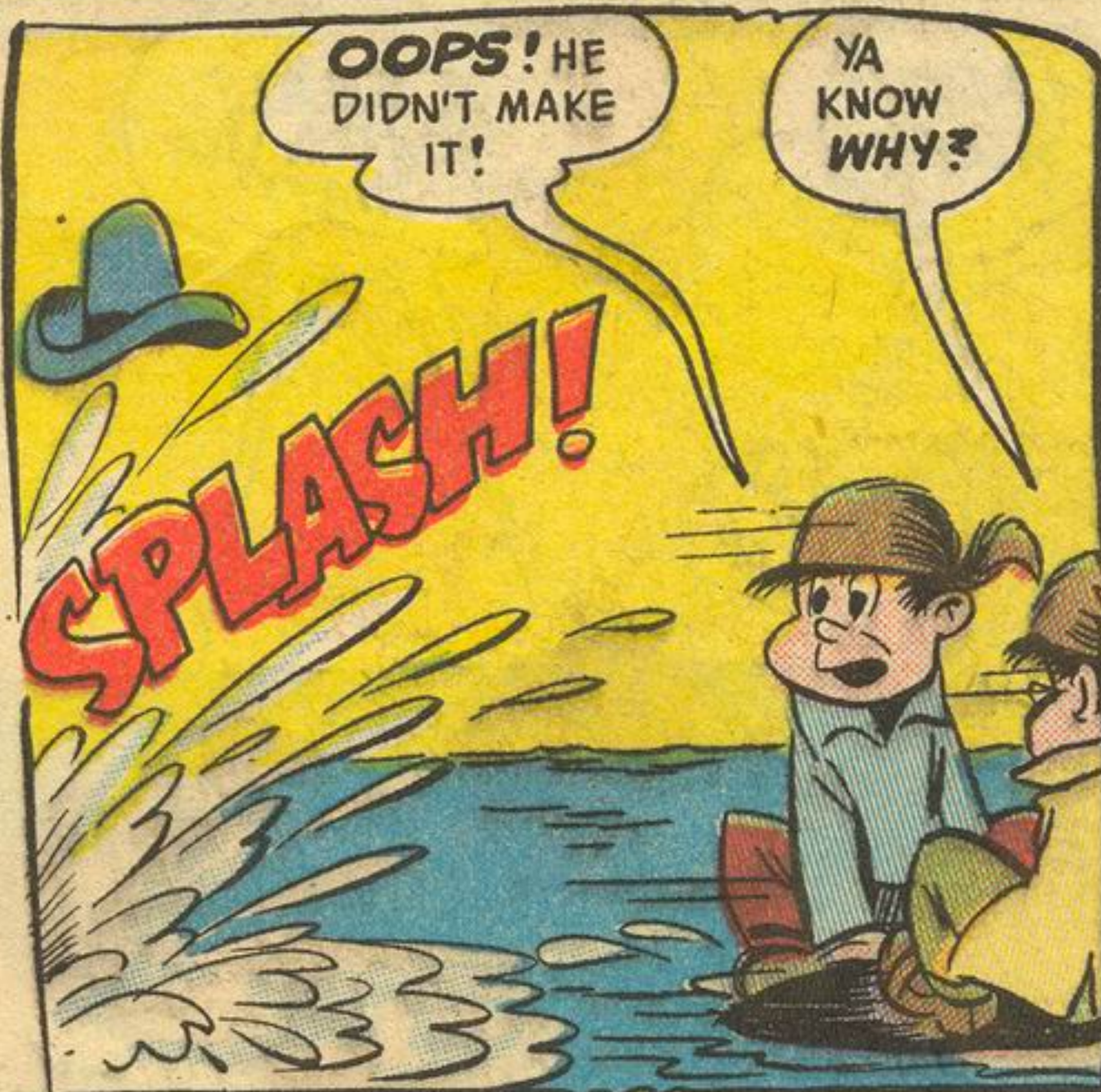
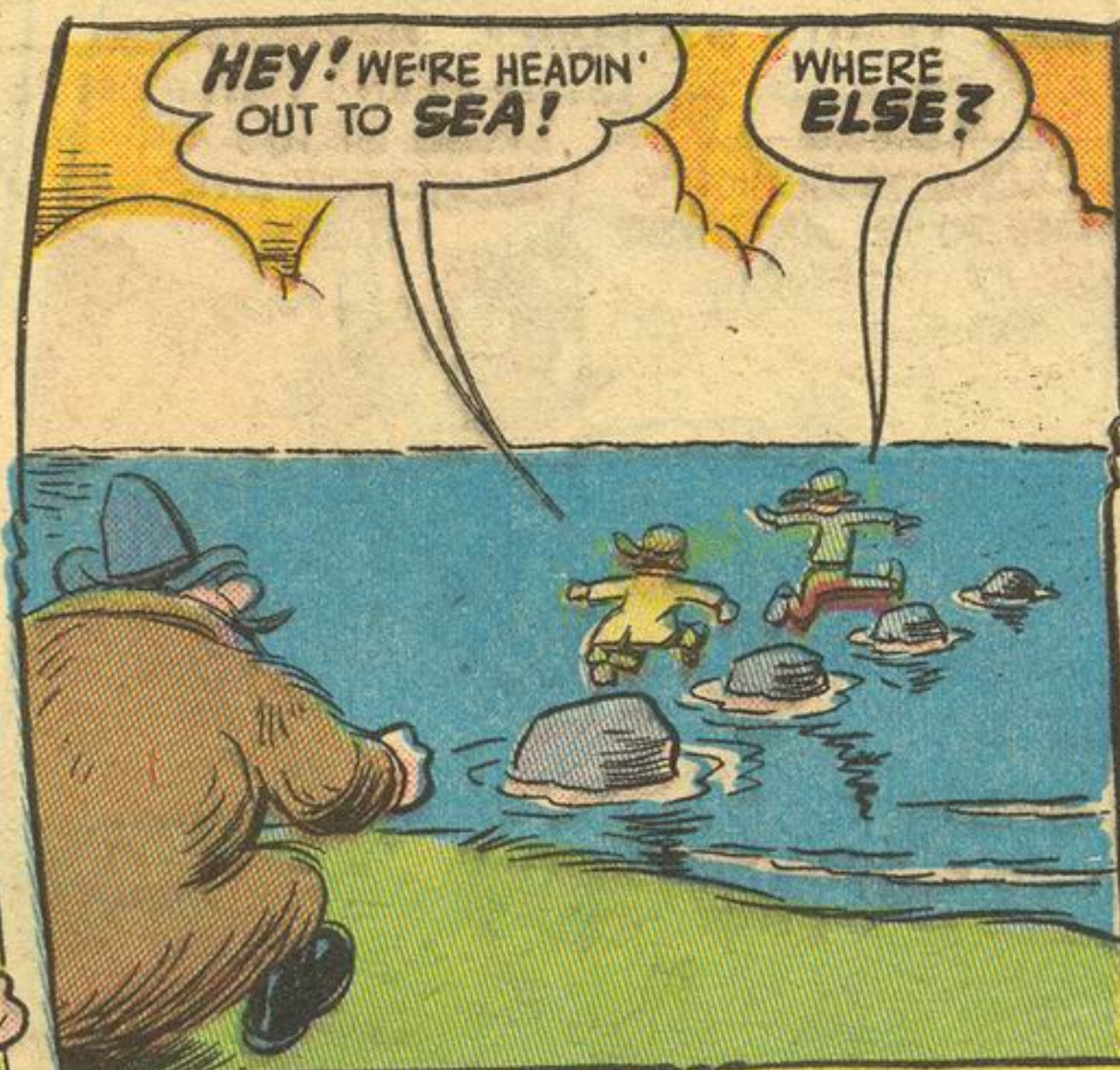
GOODNESS,
THAT'S NO
DUMMY! THAT'S
MY WIFE!

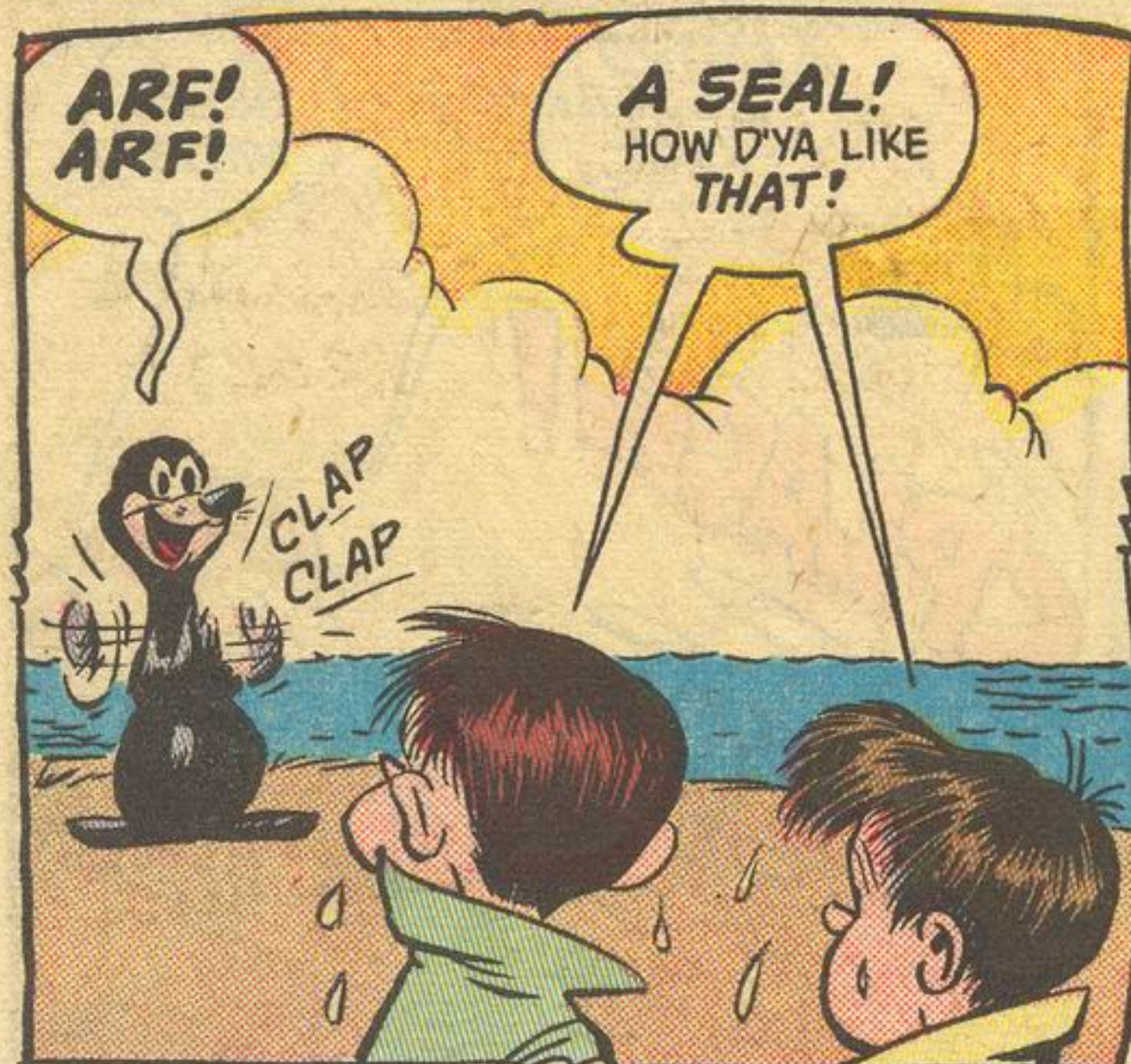
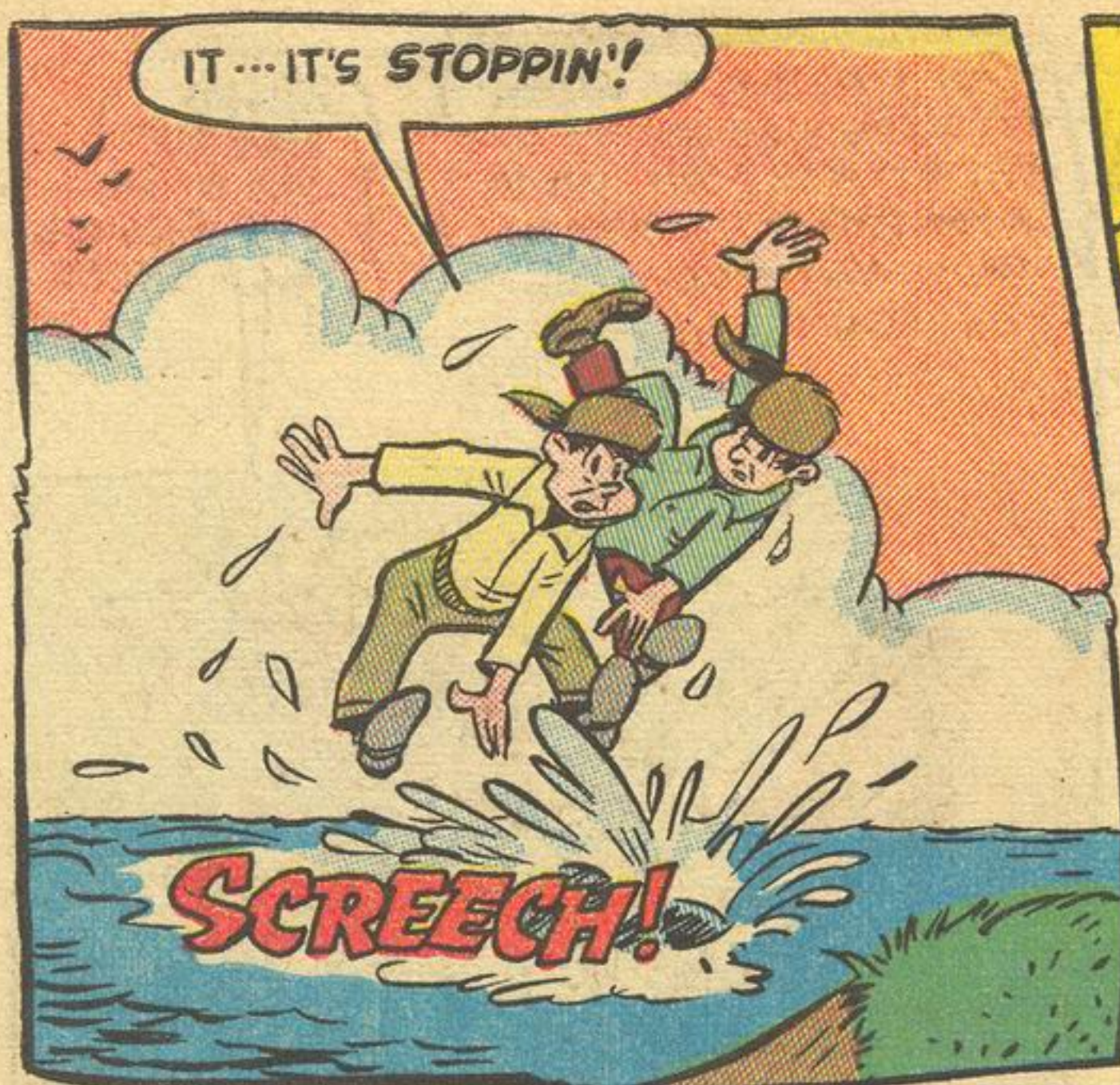
CENSORED

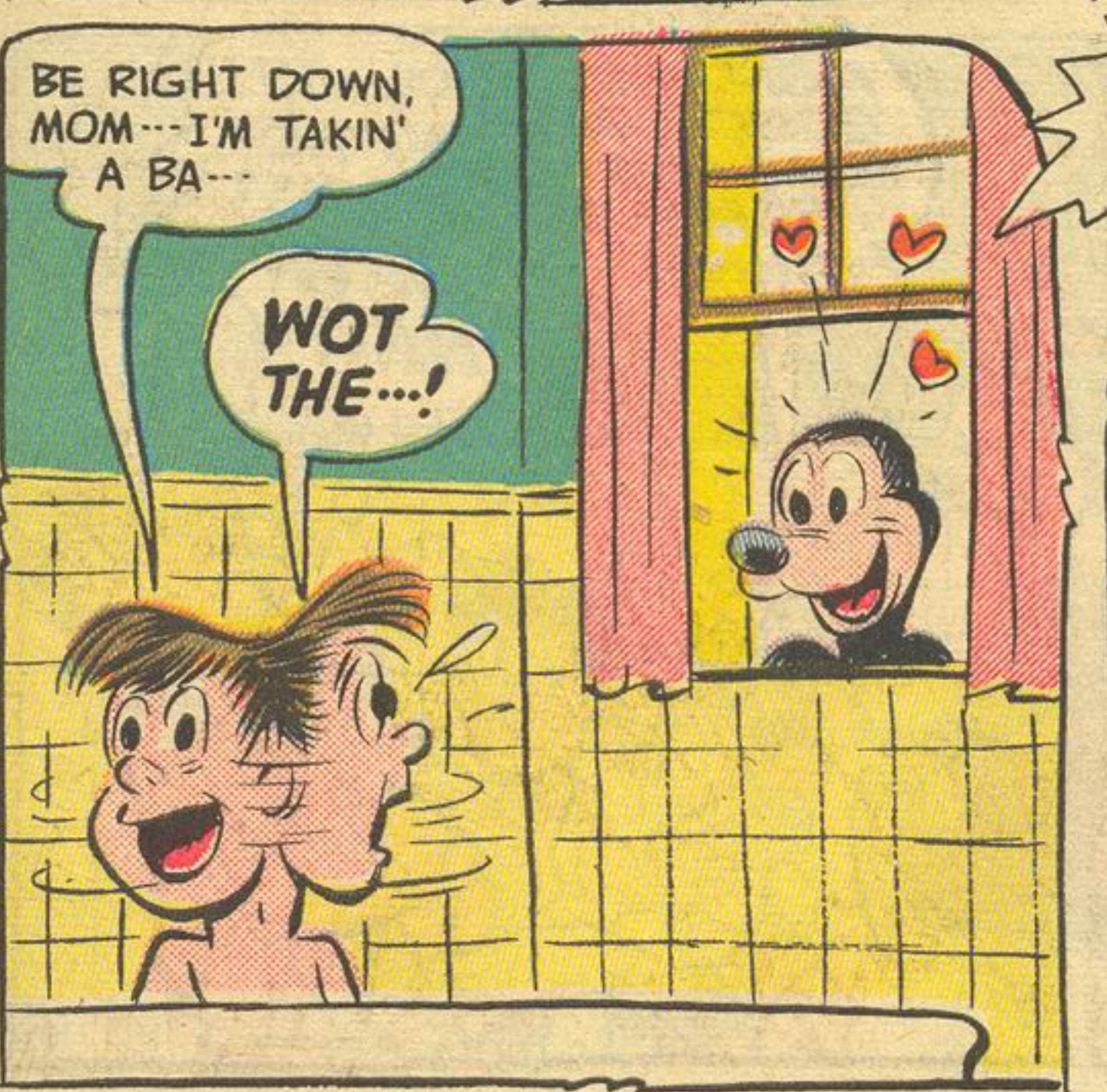
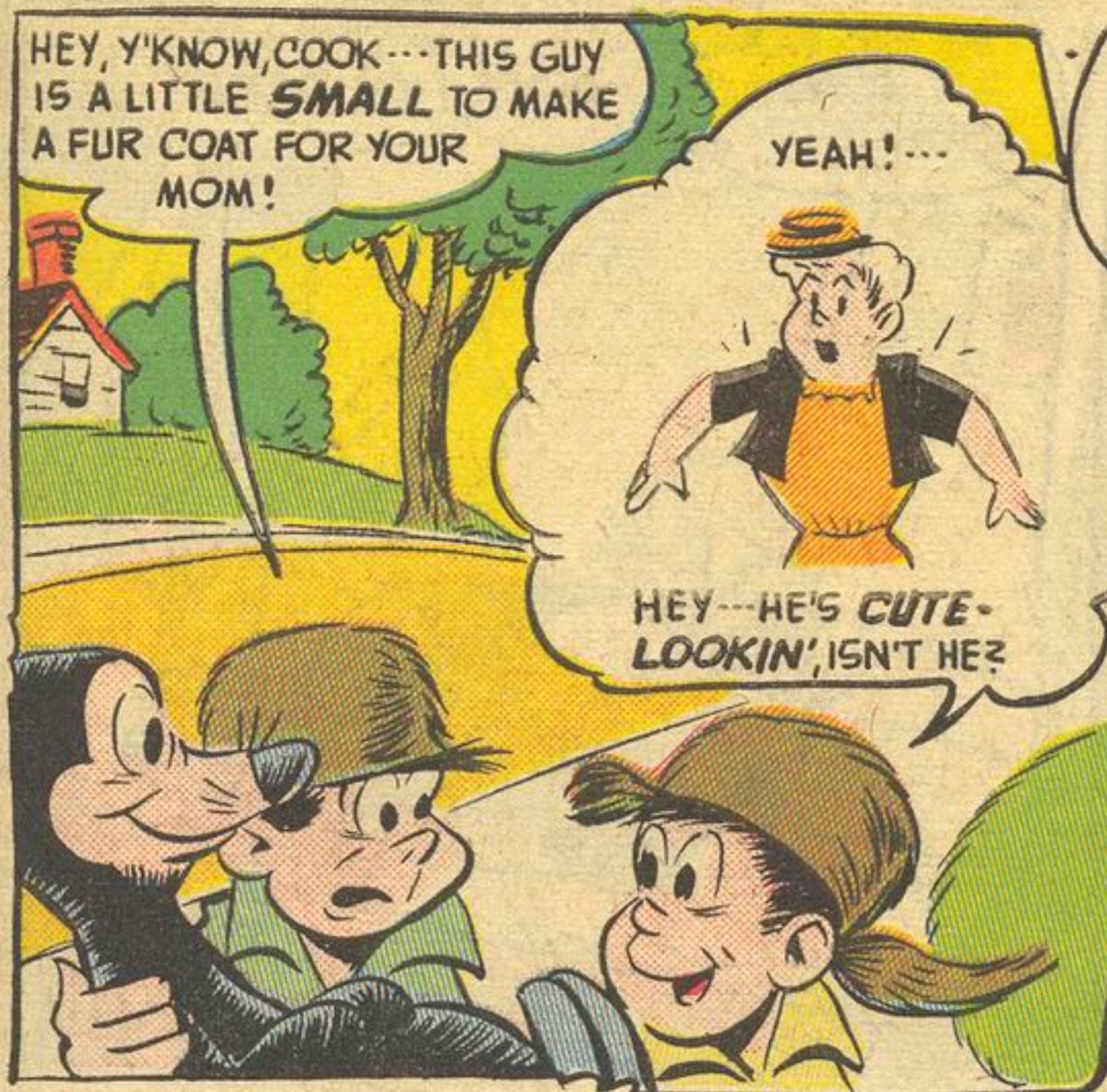


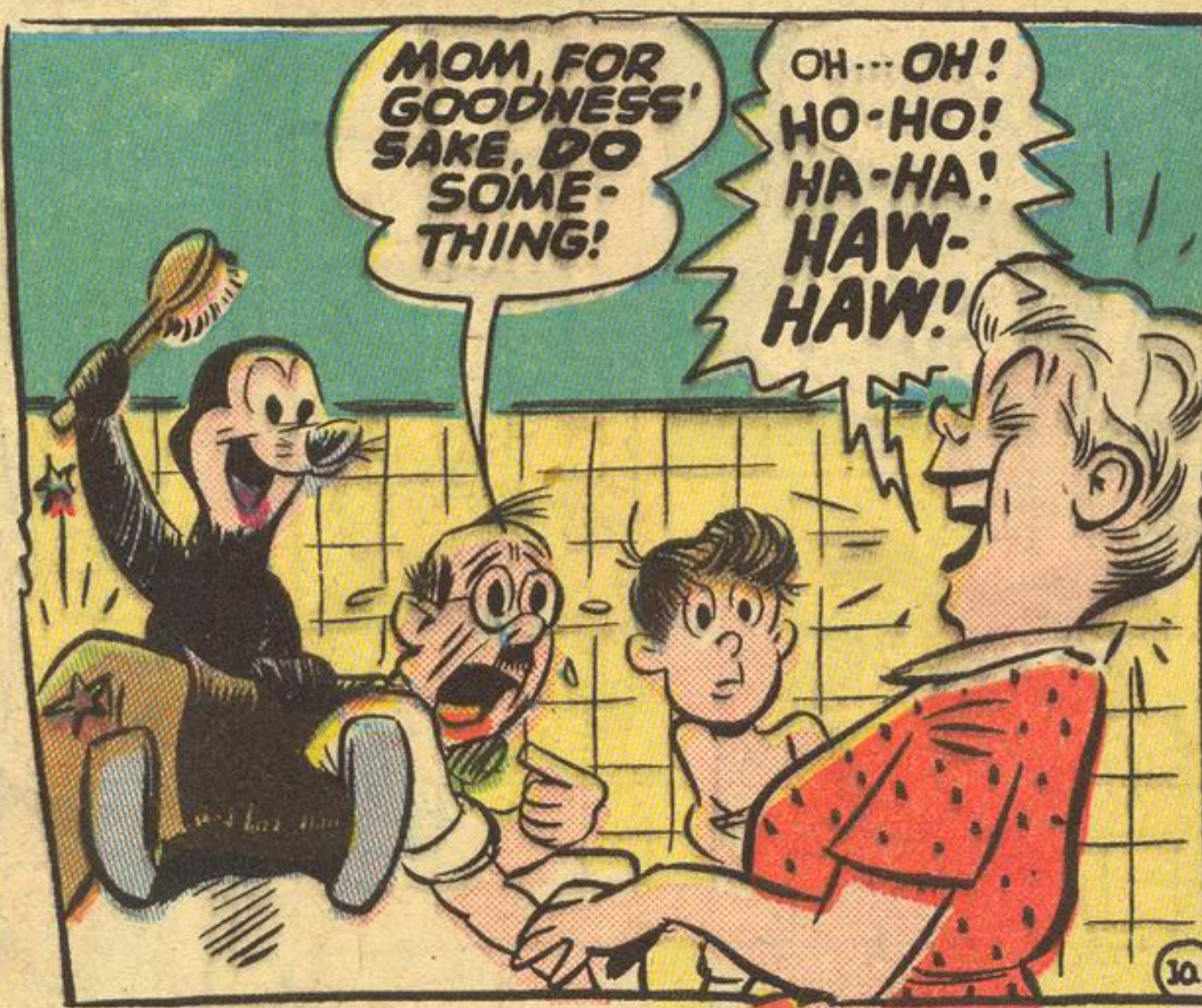
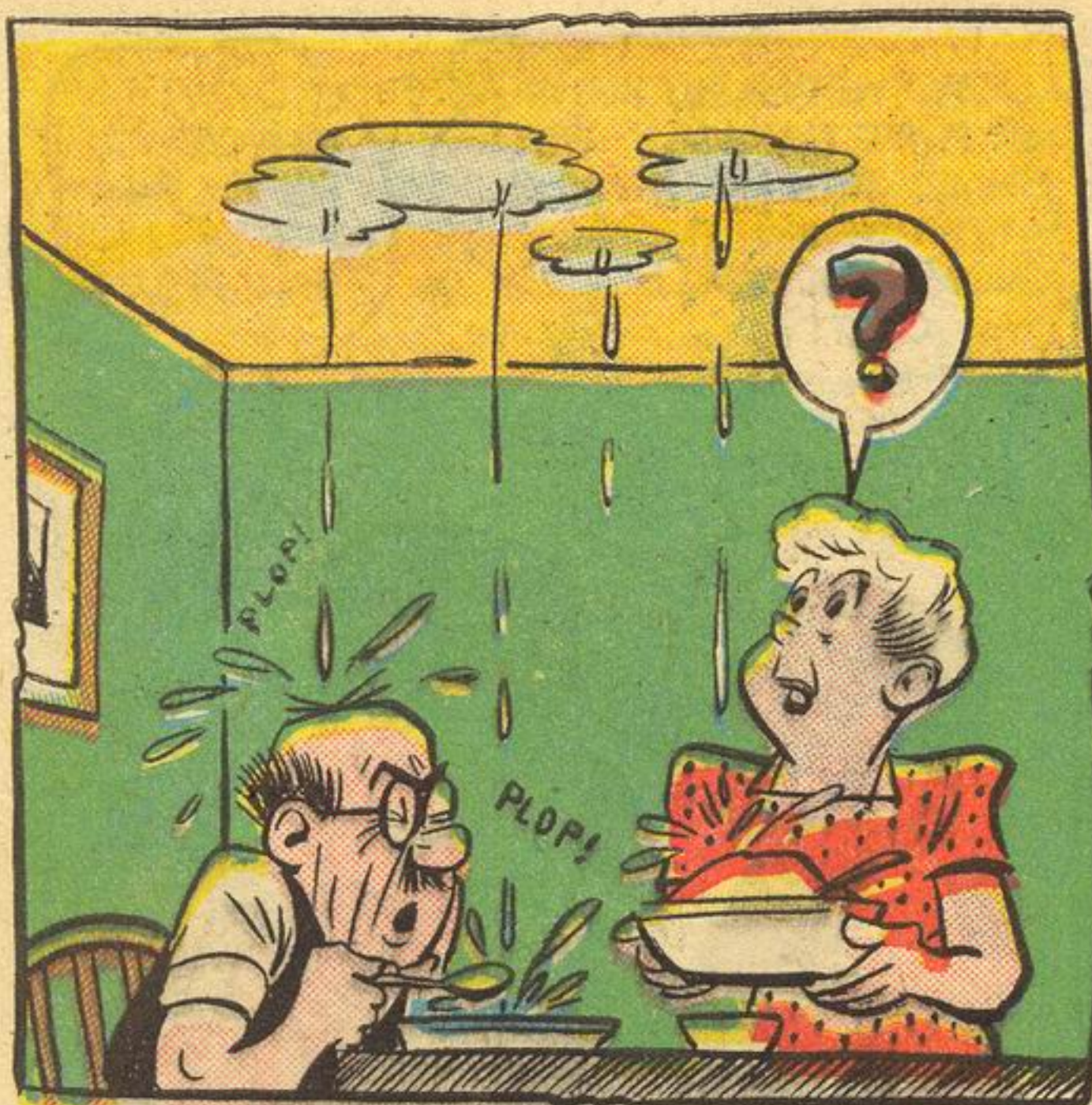






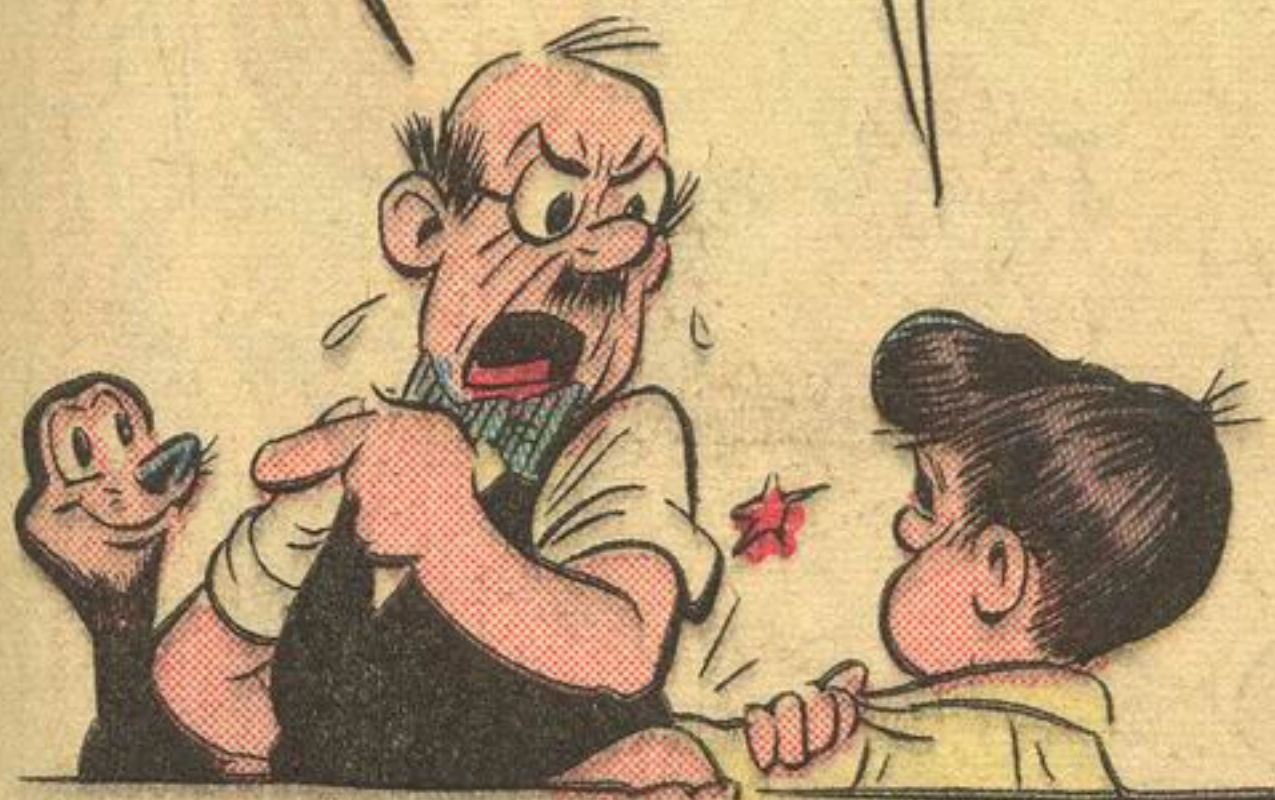






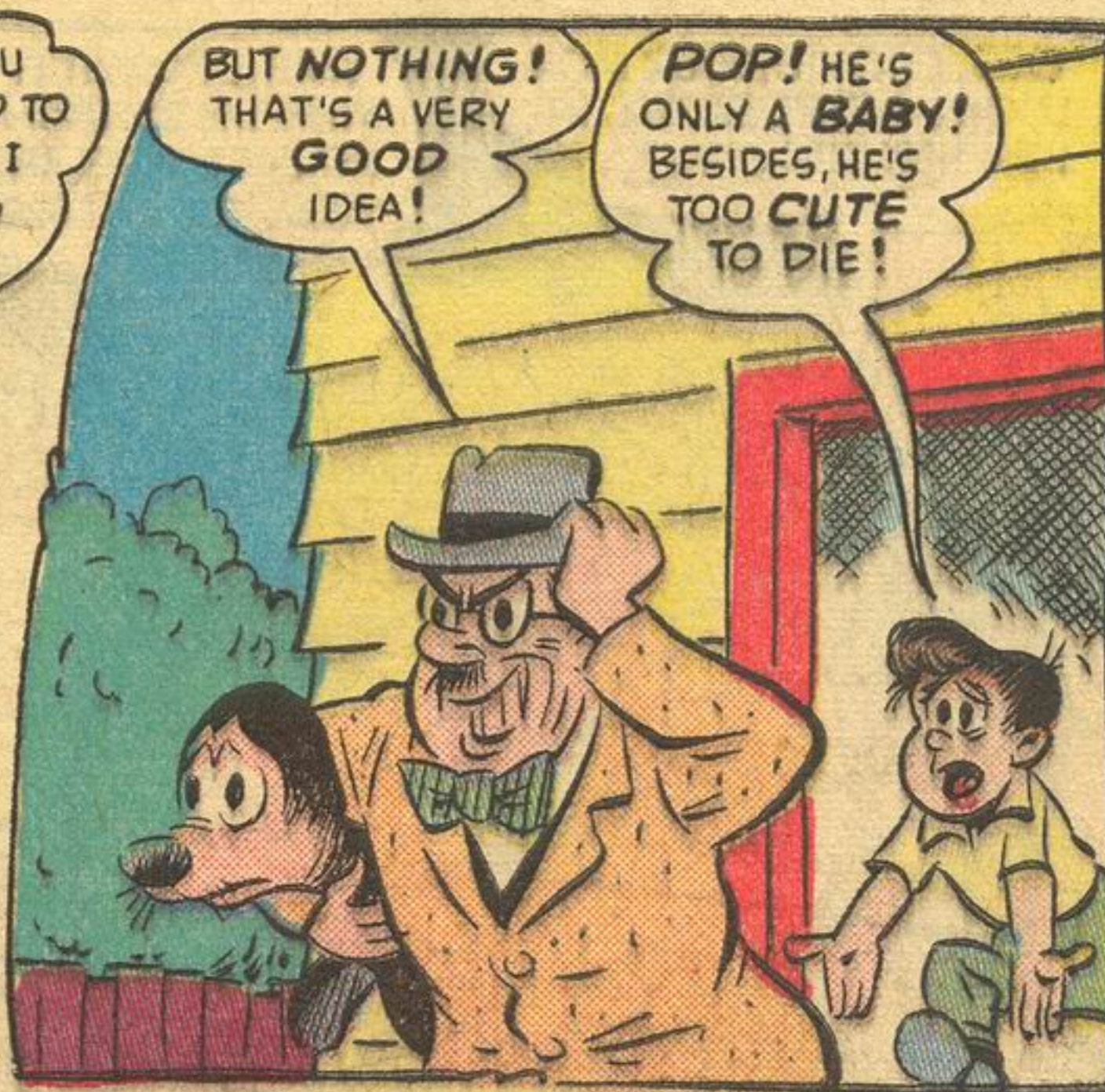
WHAT IS THAT...
THAT **THING** DOING
IN THE HOUSE,
ANYWAY?

WELL, POP... I HEARD YOU
SAY YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO
BUY MOM A FUR COAT... SO I
CAUGHT THE SEAL, THINKING
I'D HAVE HIM MADE INTO
ONE... BUT...



BUT **NOTHING!**
THAT'S A VERY
GOOD
IDEA!

POP! HE'S
ONLY A **BABY!**
BESIDES, HE'S
TOO **CUTE**
TO DIE!



So... HMMM... NOT
BAD! I **MIGHT**
GIVE YOU TWENTY-
FIVE BUCKS FOR
THE SKIN!

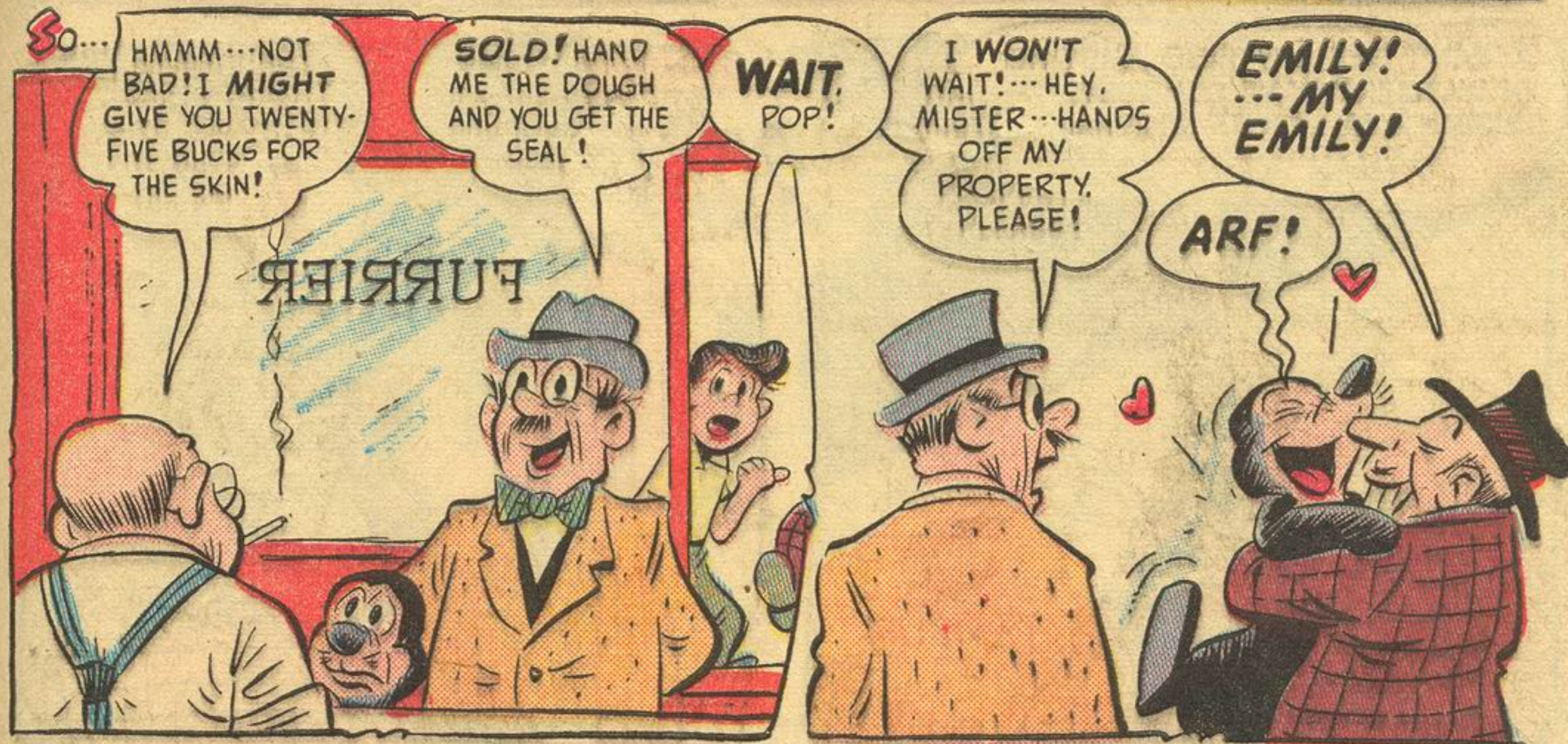
SOLD! HAND
ME THE DOUGH
AND YOU GET THE
SEAL!

WAIT,
POP!

I WON'T
WAIT!... HEY,
MISTER... HANDS
OFF MY
PROPERTY,
PLEASE!

EMILY!
...MY
EMILY!

ARF!



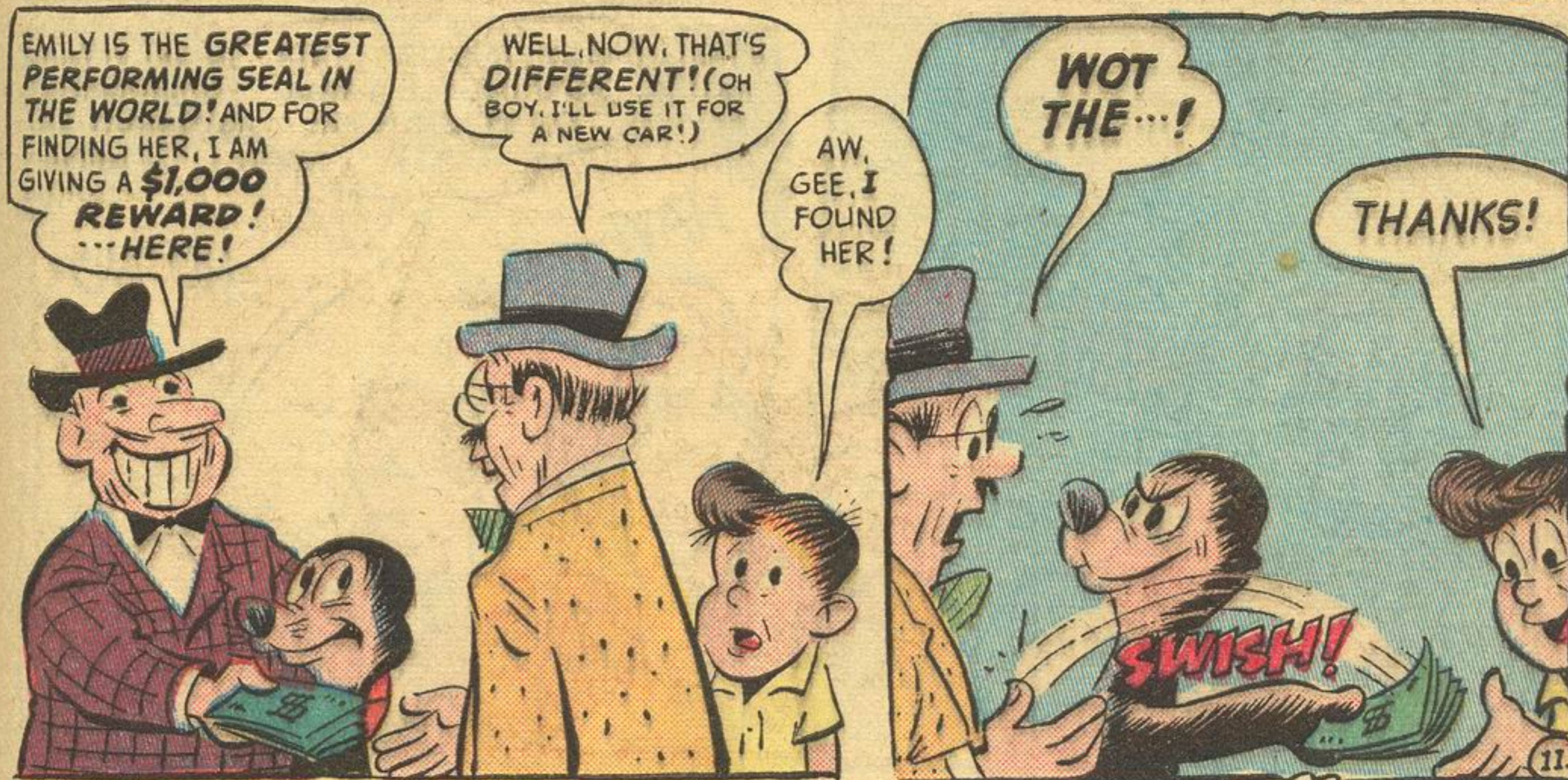
EMILY IS THE **GREATEST**
PERFORMING SEAL IN
THE WORLD! AND FOR
FINDING HER, I AM
GIVING A **\$1,000**
REWARD!
...**HERE!**

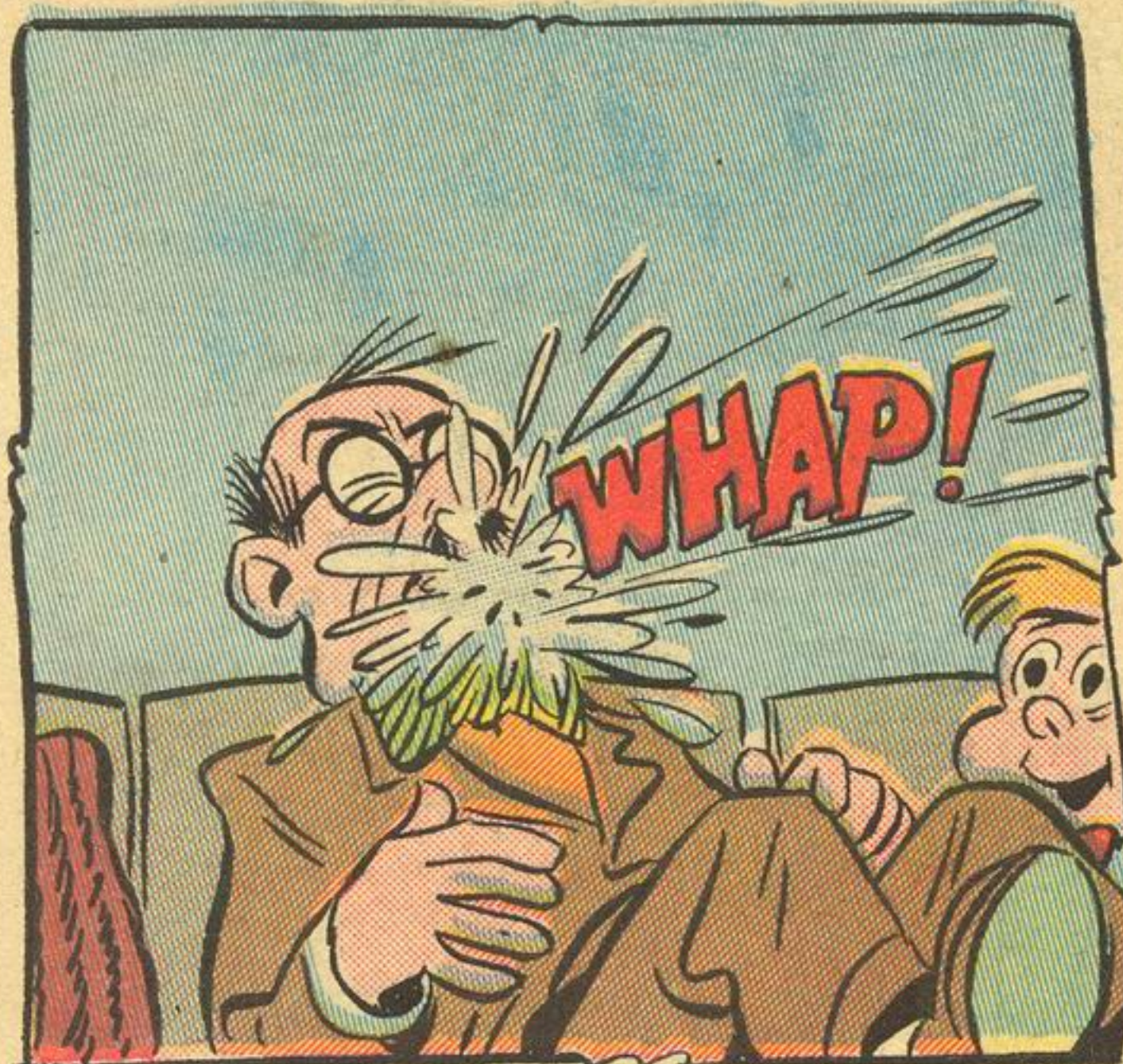
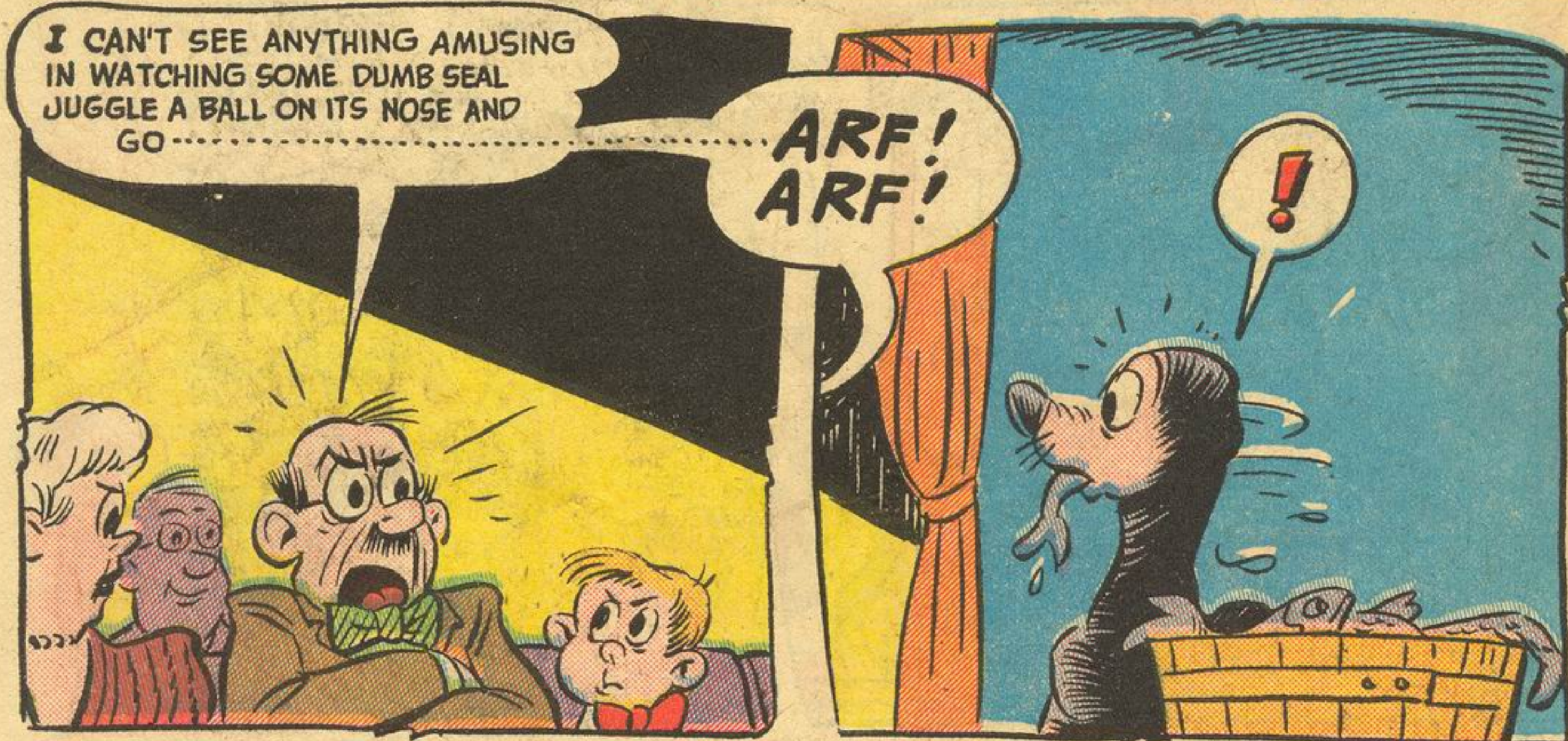
WELL, NOW, THAT'S
DIFFERENT! (OH
BOY, I'LL USE IT FOR
A NEW CAR!)

AW,
GEE, I
FOUND
HER!

WOT
THE...!

THANKS!





WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

AMAZING!

HELLO! I'm **SANDY!** I drink I wet I sleep and you can **WAVE MY HAIR!**

I have **RUBBER WONDERSKIN!**

TERRIFIC VALUE!

3.98 complete

SEND NO MONEY
(C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

NEW!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

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THE FIGHTING CLOWN

Key Kid! Here's real fun, lots of action, real sport with **PUNCHO** — colorful, lively, animated punching bag. Knock it down, it always comes back at you for more! An ideal tackling dummy — wrestling partner — sparring partner. Punched against a wall it becomes a rapid punching bag. Perfect as an exerciser and trainer, indoors or out. Made of extra heavy long lasting vinylite, over 25 inches tall, with metal valve for easy inflation. **SEND NO MONEY**. (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

only \$1.98

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EXCITING PUSH-BACK GAMES

RAPID FIRE AGAINST WALL

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SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC FILM PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL FILMS!

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- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

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Imagine Only \$2.98 complete Projector, One film and Screen!

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Beautiful BLONDIE WONDER DOLL WITH RUBBER SKIN

'SQUEEZE ME ... I COO!'

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- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that **CUDDLY, HUG-GABLE, love-me baby BEAUTIFUL BLONDIE**. She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**. **SQUEEZE HER AND SHE COOS!**... just like a baby. Every little mother will want Blondie for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty, and they're thick and long just like real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons at night and tuck her in bed and watch her long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her next day of fun. Every child will have the time of her life giving her body a bath and powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright **BIRTHDAY PARTY** dress, cute panties, shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful, amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably low price. **SEND NO MONEY**. Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy | \$3.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Film Projector | \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coo Blondie | \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Films \$1.00 | |
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GROWN-
UPS!**

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HERE IS CHEVROLET TUNE-UP CHART

Year	Model	Spark Plug Gap, Inch	Breaker Gap, Inch	Cam Angle, Degrees
1935	AM	.035	.020	35
1936	AM	.035	.020	35
1937	AM	.040	.020	35
1938	AM	.040	.020	35
1939	AM	.040	.020	35
1940	AM	.040	.020	35
1941	AM	.040	.020	35
1942	AM	.040	.020	35
1943	AM	.040	.020	35
1944	AM	.040	.020	35

COVERS CONSTRUCTION, OPERATION OF BUICK DYNA-FLOW

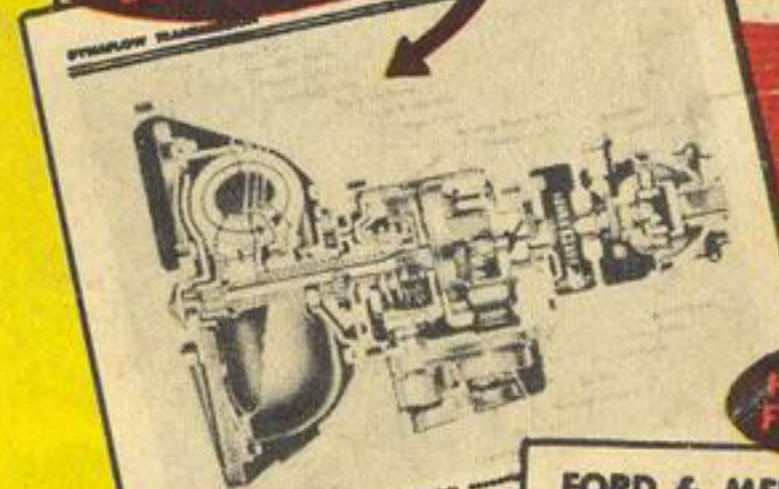


Fig. 2-1 Buick Dynaflow transmission. The complete Dynaflow transmission, Fig. 2-1, consists essentially of a housing, a larger converter placed in front of the planetary gear transmission, and a torque converter. The housing is bolted to the engine and the converter is bolted to the housing.

Fig. 2-2 Check pedal adjustment. 1939-48. Free travel should be from 1 to 1 1/2 inches.

Fig. 2-3 Free play of clutch pedal. Free play should be from 1 to 1 1/2 inches.

Used By U. S. Army & Navy

HOW TO ADJUST FORD CLUTCHES

FORD & MERCURY



Fig. 2-4 Check pedal adjustment. 1939-48. Free travel should be from 1 to 1 1/2 inches.

COVERS 741 CAR MODELS

Auburn	Ford	Mercury
Austin	Frazier	Nash
Bantam	Graham	Oldsmobile
Buick	Hudson	Packard
Cadillac	Hupmobile	Pierce Arrow
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Plymouth
Chrysler	Lafayette	Pontiac
Cord	La Salle	Reo
Crosley	Lincoln	Studebaker
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